THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Whither, oh, pilgrim! hastes thy changing path?
Like cloud, storm-driven, o'er inconstant sky!
By pain or joy impelled, by love or wrath,
Here end thy wanderings; here thy pride must lie.

II.

Here on this broken marble rest awhile,
Like weary mariner on wreck-strewn shore.
I too have felt life's passion, pain and guile;—
The burden and the strife oppress no more.

III.

If for repose thou pin'st, and sheltering shade,
Thy couch is ready, dreamless sleep they here;
Or is thy fragile skiff of storm afraid?
This harbor no rude tempests needs to fear.

IV.

These stones around impressive speak to thee.
Escape there's none, by iron circle bound.
Doth not presaging thought already see
Thy name engraven o'er some fated mound?

V.

With ceaseless step draws near thy dying hour,
Each stream, calm, fretful, seeks the sea of death;
Thine, shepherd's plaid or monarch's robe of power,
A mortal poison works its folds beneath.

VI.

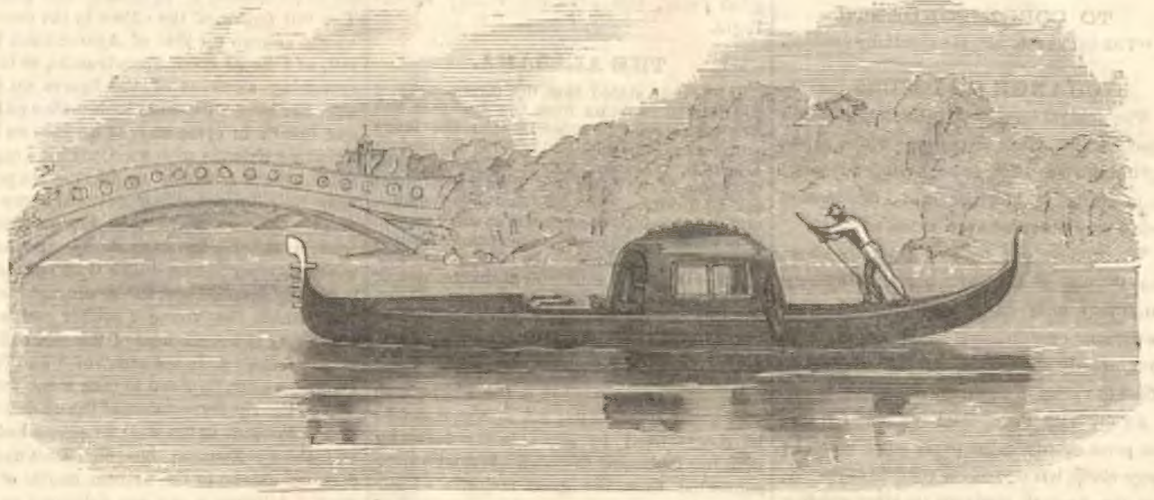
Press not these heaps with thoughtless, haughty foot;
As low as mine thy lofty head thou'lt lay;
Each hour some heart grows faint, some lip grows mute:
Know'st thou the blast that bears *thy* dust away?

VII.

Farewell! But to thy spirit oft be told
What mystic secrets 'neath these tombstones lie;
A few dry bones?—a spadeful of dark mould?
Nothing, perchance? Thine all!—Eternity!

VIII.

When next assails Temptation's fiery hour,
To syren pleasures do not thou give way!
Resist! Look up! Invoke Jehovah's power!
Think! Thou must die; revive; and live for aye.



THE VENETIAN GONDOLA IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents one of the most appropriate and interesting ornaments of the Central Park, N. Y.—a beautiful and *genuine* Venetian gondola, which was recently presented to the Commissioners as a gift for the public. It is not an imitation article but the real thing, and was purchased in Venice, and transported to this country by the gentleman to whose discriminating munificence our sister city owes so handsome a present. The Gondola has been placed upon one of the lakes, manned with a sufficient crew, and now daily and nightly plies about the fairy water for the benefit of visitors. It will seat a number of persons, and the strife for a short trip in the strange craft keeps her constantly filled with passengers.

THE DEADLY AFFINITY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

COMING SHADOWS.

I found Fred Holdsworth located in one of the many streets leading from the strand towards the river. He had secured rooms for me in the same house; and although I did not like the place (it was noisy all day in front with heavy carts; and noisy all night behind with cats,) still, as he approved of it, and as I wanted company, I stayed, and was soon reconciled. I rapidly became immersed in my studies, and Holdsworth seemed also immersed in pleasure and all the jollities of medical student life. We were very unlike in disposition, and probably for that very reason were the better friends. We never had the semblance of a quarrel, and consequently lived on very comfortably. He could not comprehend my wish to study chemistry only for the love of science. When in his sensible moments, however, I could see that he was very fond of his profession, and he was continually advising me to enter myself as a student of medicine and surgery. But I had no taste for therapeutics.

Many of his studies, however, led him in the same direction as myself, and at last he had to undergo the ordeal of some examination which he was desirous of passing creditably; and to do him justice, he worked very hard. He used to sit in the house at night (a very unusual thing for him,) and pore over his books, while I, on the other side of the table, was arranging my notes, or jotting down memoranda of the experiments which I had completed during the day. He found me of some assistance to him in his chemical studies, and was in the habit of consulting me at times. I remember a conversation that we had one evening which led in the end to very strange and awful results, brought me misery and pain, and led me close to the gate of death.

We had been conversing on that mysterious and fascinating portion of chemistry which relates to attraction and repulsion, chemical combinations and decompositions, and elective affinity. I recollect now that I startled myself by some of the strange fancies which I indulged in.

Holdsworth had confessed that he had been perplexed in trying to class together several substances which had been placed before him in a mixed solution. He could not arrange the acids and bases to his satisfaction, and complained bitterly that he believed it was all empiricism to say that one could tell accurately which substances were in conjunction. After trying to explain the subject to him, I remember saying that if he would listen to me for a short time, he might be able to gain some hints which might be useful to him.

"You must have observed," I said, "that some chemical substances are of such a nature that when brought into contact they immediately lay hold of one another, so to speak. They unite together ultimately, and form a substance entirely different from either of the original. The impulse by which these bodies join together is called chemical attraction, or affinity—names given, I presume, for want of a better. Now, it appears to me as if these inorganic, inanimate substances possessed a sort of spirit—an intelligence—a will of their own. Don't shake your head so disbelievingly, but hear me out. Take the case of *elective* affinity, which, by its very title, gives to these so-called dead substances the property of a *power of choosing*. As an example of what I mean generally, let me remind you of a very common mineral, chalk, or carbonate of lime; in it a solid substance, lime, is combined with a colorless gas called carbonic acid. Now, the instant that another acid, say sulphuric acid, is brought in contact with chalk, what is the result? The new acid and the lime spring to each other and combine together at once, while the colorless carbonic acid gas is thrown off into the air. What power is this that the new acid possesses? What makes the lime throw up its alliance with the gas? I believe myself that it is intimately connected with a law that exists throughout creation both in the animate and inanimate world—that opposite natures should be drawn together. Inorganic substances which have the strongest "attraction" for one another are those which differ most entirely in their qualities. You may take acids and alkalies as an example.—Look around, too, in the world of your acquaintances, and do you not everywhere see persons of opposite natures strongly attracted to one another, especially in the cases of friends, lovers, or husbands and wives? I do not mean to say that we do not see the contrary sometimes, and meet with cases of like joining to like. Even in chemistry we find that some acids when mixed form a more powerful acid than when separate. But still I hold that throughout the organic and inorganic worlds opposite natures attract each other and combine the most strongly.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie," said Holdsworth, "you are getting quite beyond the subject. I should make the Professor stare with astonishment if I were to come out with such fantastic notions. But I could not help thinking, while you were speaking, that old Walstein would just suit you."

"Old Walstein! Who is old Walstein?"

"Nobody seems to know, but he is a very clever old fellow—Doctor Walstein I believe he calls himself. He has taken out a card for practical chemistry at our place, and works all day in our laboratory. He is deep in organic chemistry, and has prepared, while he has been with us, a splendid collection of rare crystals, both from animal and vegetable substances. He is very talkative, and has taken a great fancy to me, but there is something about the look of his eyes that I don't like. In fact, there is no 'elective affinity,' as you call it, between us, as far as I am concerned. He was speaking to me only the other day in the same strain as you have been talking to me. Would you like to know him? I'll introduce you."

"I should like to know him very much.—What is he? where does he live?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what his occupation is; I have, however, a notion that, like you, he is studying chemistry merely for the love of it. As to where he lives, I believe it is somewhere in Wales, but at present he is staying in Piccadilly—Albemarle Street, number—"

"You seem to know his address pretty well."

"Well, I saw his daughter—that is—I mean, I saw his carriage stop there one day."

"Oh, he has a daughter, has he? Well, you need not blush so, Fred."

"I'm not blushing. I have only seen her once or twice. The doctor's carriage used to come for him in the afternoon, and I have seen a young lady in it, who I fancy is his daughter. She is very pretty—fair, with blue eyes, but she seems dreadfully delicate, for she is always wrapped up in furs, even in this warm weather. I've not seen her for the last month, either in the carriage or at the window of the house—"

"Oh, you have been looking out for her, have you? Come—come, don't begin to blush again,—if you will allow me to go with you to the laboratory to-morrow, I should like to meet this doctor friend of yours."

"I shall be happy to introduce you, and I think you will get on well together," said Fred, and we dropped the subject.

The next afternoon I called at the laboratory according to appointment. It was a large dingily-lighted apartment, looking out on the Thames under arches. There were wooden benches fitted up with shelves filled with bottles and phials, retorts, lamps, crucibles, and all the paraphernalia required in the study of chemistry. The room was full of young students, from the midst of whom Holdsworth emerged and led me forward to introduce me to Doctor Walstein.

The old man seemed quite out of place among the crowd of youthful students around him. His appearance struck me as being very peculiar. He was dressed in a coarse, dark blouse, made with tight fitting sleeves, and fastened round the waist with a leathern strap. He wore a black velvet skull-cap, from under which his snow white hair appeared. But his face impressed me the most strongly. I was both attracted and repulsed by it—attracted by the evident fire of genius which glowed in its every feature, and repulsed by the expression of his eyes, which produced an indescribable feeling of fear and submission. His skin was bronzed; evidently by much exposure whilst travelling, and his small, keen, gray eyes scintillated with a strange light under his overhanging white eyebrows. His nose was long, thin, and aquiline, and his massive forehead was deeply furrowed between the eyebrows, as we often see in men who have suffered deeply or studied much and painfully. The lower part of his face was concealed by a thick, white moustache and beard; but he smiled as Holdsworth introduced me, and took my hand with seeming cordiality.

Even at this lapse of time I can remember that smile and that pressure of the hand, vividly. Every feature in his face smiled, but his eyes did not change their fixed, piercing look, and, as he continued to talk upon various subjects, they seemed to hold me under a fascination, for which afterwards I vainly endeavored to account. He showed me several exquisite crystalline substances and chemical preparations, each inclosed in a curiously carved wooden case. These, he informed me, he had produced while he had been in the laboratory, and that he had come to London in order to prepare them, as they were intended to assist him in a series of experiments, on which he was engaged in the country. He said, also, that his stay in town would not be long, and giving me his address, told me that he would be happy to see me in the evening, whenever I could call upon him.

I left the place without even speaking to Holdsworth. I was lost in thought, and my mind seemed overcome with an unaccountable presentiment of evil. I tried to shake off this feeling, but found that it was impossible to do so—the glittering eyes of the old man seemed to haunt me. When I got to my rooms I began to consider what there was about the Doctor that had produced so singular and disagreeable an effect upon me. One thing I thought that I detected, namely, that Fred Holdsworth had evidently been speaking to him about some of my fanciful ideas with regard to the connection between organic and inorganic nature. This I presumed, not from any direct remark from the Doctor, but rather from observations that he had made to me, seemingly by chance, while showing to me his chemical preparations. I also remembered, with a shudder, that nearly all the substances which he displayed were virulent poisons. When I pondered on this fact, again the shadow of impending evil fell upon me, and once more I seemed to hear the sweet, low voice of Mary Maurice whispering at my side, "Beware of poisons! beware of poisons!" I started from my reverie, almost expecting to find her in the room, but I found it was all the work of imagination. Still the remembrance of my loved cousin was enough to dissipate my gloom. I endeavored to cast off the evil foreboding which overshadowed me, and I succeeded. What was Doctor Walstein to me, or I to Doctor Walstein, that I should care for him? I declared to myself that I would have nothing more to do with him or his poisonous experiments, and when Holdsworth arrived in the evening, he found me in better spirits than usual.

"Well, Charlie," said he, "what do you think of our Doctor? I can assure you that he has taking a strong liking to you; indeed, he told me to tell you that you must not forget to call upon him."

"To tell you the truth, Fred, I have no great partiality for your old friend, and have no desire to meet him again."

"I think, however, that you ought to call, if it was only to see his daughter. She is really a most beautiful girl—and you see—knowing that we live together—you might get an invitation for me on another occasion."

"Oh! that's how the land lies, is it, Fred? I thought there was a little bit of self in it; but you must excuse me. I cannot explain my reasons to you, but my wish is, to avoid Doctor Walstein if possible; besides, you cannot care very much for a girl whom you have never spoken to."

Holdsworth was a handsome, strong young fellow, but he had one weakness, which was, that he could not conceal a blush. He turned very red at my last remark, and was silent.

After a week had elapsed, I received a note from the Doctor, inviting me to his lodgings on the following evening, and as I had really no valid excuse for declining, I went, to the great envy of my companion. But I saw that his envy was tempered with the hope that my visit would result advantageously for himself.

An evil-faced servant in black opened the door for me, and told me to walk upstairs, where I found Doctor Walstein, who received me cordially, almost affectionately. He was alone, and we immediately began to converse about ordinary topics. He had evidently seen much, and studied much, and on every subject he spoke shrewdly, and with a touch of satire that suited my youthful taste exactly. I did not perceive it at first, but I found out afterwards, that notwithstanding his light and fluent mode of guiding the conversation, he was drawing me out, and making me speak of subjects that I would not have ventured upon with any one else. He had even got me to speak in somewhat glowing terms about my Yorkshire home and my Uncle Mark. In doing this, however, I felt that I was saying too much before a complete stranger, and I became silent.

The shades of evening filled the room, and the old man was sitting with his back to the window, so I could not see the expression on his face, but I felt that those piercing gray eyes of his were bent upon me, with their strange, fascinating glance. I was roused by the Doctor informing me that coffee was awaiting us in the adjoining room. He put his arm through mine, and opened the folding-doors leading into the inner apartment. A lamp in the middle of the table lighted the room brightly, and I saw a young girl of the most dazzling beauty, who stood looking at us with a startled expression. It was only for an instant or two, for the Doctor said sternly:—

"How is this, Minna? You informed me that you were so unwell, that you would remain in your own room!"

She murmured some words in reply which I could not distinguish, and the Doctor turned to me, asking me to excuse him for an instant, and then passed through the folding-doors, closing them behind him, and leaving me alone in the outer room.

Even in the darkened apartment, rendered more dark by the glimpse of light afforded by the opening of the doors, the beautiful figure of that young girl seemed still before me—a mental picture that appeared indelible. I do not know what length of time elapsed—it seemed an age—when the doctor returned, and invited me into the inner room. He was profuse in his apologies. His daughter was seriously unwell, and he had cautioned her to take care of herself. She was unaware that a stranger was present. He hoped, however, that on my next visit, his daughter would be able to join us. I noticed, as he spoke, that the old man seemed agitated, but he proceeded to say, more calmly, as we sat down to our coffee, that his daughter had lived till within the last year in Southern Europe, and that he feared the treacherous climate of England had made inroads on her health. I said that from the slight glance I had had, his daughter did not appear delicate.

"Ah," said he, "that is one of the deceptions practised by that fiend Consumption in this country, when he has made sure of his victim."

Was it reality, or was it fancy on my part, that made me think there was a grim smile on the old man's face as he said these words? His eyes belied it, and his beard concealed it—but most assuredly I thought that he smiled. I know, however, that I felt rather faint at the time, for there was a strange perfume in the air, like the faint scent of geranium leaves. I glanced round the room, but could not see any flowers. Gradually the perfume died away.

"You may think it unfeminine," the Doctor continued, "but my daughter is well versed in our favorite science—if you will allow me to call it so; from her earliest years she has been my companion, and as she showed a taste for the study of chemistry, I encouraged it, and in many of my researches and discoveries she has been my copartner, and often, indeed, my guide and director.

I was astonished at what he said, but I remarked that the influence of a loving daughter and a kind voice must go far to cheer the dark and intricate paths of science which he was following.

"You are right, my young friend—you are right," he said, with a seemingly broken voice. But again I saw, or fancied I saw, a grim smile playing about his features.

The evening passed away pleasantly enough for me. The Doctor's great experience, the number of countries he had visited, and the varied universities in which he had studied, together with the unusual direction in which his studies had tended, held me entranced while listening to him. I may divide the topics of our conversation, or rather of his instruction, into three parts. First, the subject which seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure and interest—namely, the mysterious principle of life—the *vis vitæ*. Secondly, he touched lightly but lucidly upon a subject which he knew interested me—the mutual and reciprocal laws which govern the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds. Lastly, he astounded but charmed me by almost confessing that he was no unsubstantial believer in the theories of the alchemists, both in regard to the elixir of life and the transmutation of metals.

It was late when I left Doctor Walstein, but I did not do so without promising to visit him on the following evening. Holdsworth was disappointed that I could give him so little information about Miss Walstein, and looked very skeptical when I told him that she was conversant with the science of chemistry, declaring that it was utterly unnatural and impossible.

I went to the Doctor's house the next evening—in fact, I was there every night for a week, and became more and more attracted by my new acquaintance on every visit. Let me be understood: I neither liked nor respected the old man. He treated every subject of morality or virtue that I had been in the habit of reverencing with the utmost levity. But I fancied that I saw my danger, and thought myself secure. The desire for his acquaintance was intellectual, not moral—it was a friendship of the *head*, and not of the *heart*.

About a week had passed away, and I went as usual to Albemarle Street. I had received through the post that morning from Cousin Polly a rose-bud which had bloomed out freshly after being placed in water. This rose-bud I had placed in the breast of my coat before my visit. The servant at the door told me that Doctor Walstein had not yet returned, but that he had requested me to wait for him. I had noticed one peculiarity about the Doctor's household, which was that there seemed to be only one servant, and that was the evil-faced man in black who opened the door. I never saw any female domestic about the establishment, and the evil-faced man only admitted me, he never entered the apartments.

I went up-stairs alone, and passed into the drawing-room. Miss Walstein was sitting on a sofa near the window. I knew her in an instant, although I had only seen her hurriedly on the night of my first visit. Lovely as she had then appeared in that momentary glance, she appeared even more so now in the softened twilight. Her light golden hair, which was very luxuriant, was drawn back from her forehead, and clustered gracefully round her beautifully formed head. Her features were small and regular, and her complexion was absolutely brilliant. Her large blue eyes, which were fixed upon me, seemed however to be lighted up with the same strange fire that rendered her father's so remarkable. She wore a rich silk dress trimmed with white fur round the throat and also round the sleeves, out of which her small perfectly shaped hands peeped, rivalling the down itself in their whiteness. She rose slightly, pointing to a chair at some distance from where she was, and begged me to be seated.

"My father purposes to leave London in a few days, and has many arrangements to make before leaving. You will therefore have to put up with my company this evening, Mr. Haughton, until he returns."

Of course I expressed the pleasure I had in meeting her, and congratulated her on her recovery. She said that her father was always imagining that she was unwell, but that she considered that it was only the effect of the confined London air. As soon as she got into Wales again she would be certain to recover. After that we spoke upon many subjects. I found that she had read considerably, was well acquainted with the topics of the day, and could sustain a conversation with spirit. But another circumstance at this time began to attract my attention.

When I first entered the room I perceived that the air was faintly perfumed with a scent like that of geranium leaves. I recognized it as being the same perfume which had pervaded the inner room on my first visit, and, as before, I looked round vainly for any trace of flowers, except the rose-bud in my breast. While I remained in the room the strength of the aroma did not seem to increase, but at times it made me feel faint and giddy.

My fair companion noticed that I raised my hand once or twice to my forehead, and said in a slightly faltering tone that her father was in the habit of burning perfumes in the room—that she was accustomed to them—and that she trusted their traces did not annoy me.

I met her eyes as she spoke, for there was something in her tone that startled me. She looked steadfastly at me, but I did not like her expression. A feeling of distrust shot through me: but at this moment the Doctor entered the room.

He was cheerful and even gay and brilliant in his discourse, and his presence seemed to communicate a life and energy to our conversation. Once more he turned the discussion to his favorite subject of abstruse, mystical science. The very tones of his voice seemed to fascinate me, and I observed the countenance of his daughter brighten up as he spoke. She seemed the most interested of all, and kept her eyes fixed upon his face as if enthralled by his words. But when she spoke herself she perfectly astounded me by her weird and fanciful ideas. I scarcely spoke, but was deeply interested in what they said. The air of the room still remained

perfumed, and doubtless acted upon my brain, so that I listened to their wild flights of fancy into the region of conjecture with comparative calmness. I feel now that I could not have done so under ordinary circumstances.

An occurrence took place, however, which was sufficient to call me back to rationality. The room had become rather dark, and Doctor Walstein, after lighting the lamp, drew from his breast pocket one of the small, carved, wooden cases which I had observed him using when he was working in the laboratory. He opened it and held it out for my inspection. There was an inner glass lid, and through this I could see that the case was filled with pink cotton-wool, in the midst of which was a tuft of delicate crystalline needles of a bright green color.

"What is this, Doctor?" I inquired.

"You have no doubt observed, Mr. Haughton, that I am unusually elated this evening. I have cause to be so, for I have to-day not only completed the whole of the chemical preparations which were necessary for a great secret discovery that I am resolved to make, but I have also succeeded in producing a substance which I have been vainly attempting to arrive at for years. You see it in that case which you hold. It is the pure, essential principle of the poison of one of the most fatal snakes—the Cobra di Capello!"

"Good heavens! Doctor Walstein!" I exclaimed, putting the case far from me on the table, "all your practical chemistry seems to tend in the direction of poisons."

"Young man, my aim—my object—my ambition is to fathom the deep secret of life; to trace its origin, and to analyze its nature. I see in the future that I am destined to discover the wondrous Elixir of Life. I have already arrived at great results, but before I can go further I must penetrate far into the dark and mysterious secrets of Death. These deadly poisons which you seem to look upon with such loathing are the stepping stones by which I intend to arrive at the nature of Life itself."

As he spoke these words his daughter smiled, and taking up the case in her hands, gazed fixedly on the bright green poison. As she continued to look at it, I observed that her eyes lost their strange light, and appeared even soft and gentle. She seemed absolutely to look upon the deadly crystals with love and tenderness, whilst *I* could not suppress a shudder of horror. My brain, too, was overburdened with the delicate but subtle and oppressive odor which pervaded the chamber, and I rose to go. They both pressed me to stay, but seeing that I was most anxious to go, Miss Walstein bowed her farewell to me from the sofa, from which she had never risen, and the Doctor descended with me to the front door.

When I got into the open air I was almost unconscious for a second or two, but the cool air soon revived me, and I proceeded homewards. But whenever I allowed my recollection to dwell on the scene that I had left, I was seized with an uncontrollable feeling of terror. Notwithstanding the old man's extraordinary knowledge and ability, and his daughter's beauty and intelligence, my mind was filled with suspicion and distrust. Once more I made the resolution that my path and Doctor Walstein's should be separate. I felt that our intercourse could tend to no good result, and again the unheeded warnings of my betrothed recalled themselves to my thoughts.

Ah! why had I ever ceased to remember them? As this self-reproach struck me I looked at the rose-bud in my breast that had bloomed so freshly a few hours before. It was withered and dead!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY THE SOLDIER WAS HAPPY.

A letter writer from Washington says: It is astonishing to see how cheerful the wounded men are. Almost without exception they are lively and garrulous over the incidents of the battle. The most of these gallant fellows are in the Alexandria hospitals, though some are at Falls Church. One man in an Alexandria hospital, who had lost an arm, was one of the happiest fellows, the night he was brought in, that I ever saw.

"You are in good spirits for a wounded man!" said a stranger to him.

He looked up from his cot with a smiling, happy face, and replied:

"Yes, why shouldn't I be happy? I have saved my life, and now I have got something to show to my family as long as I live. My children won't be ashamed to have it known that I lost that arm fighting for my country. No, sir! I doubt if now I would have that arm put on again. My grandfather lost a leg in the Revolutionary War. Our family boasted of *that* for near a hundred years. It was about time that somebody else did something for the credit of the family. The old story was getting to be a little *too* old; and now, sir, you see that *I* am to be the hero of the family."

There was patriotism, pride of character and philosophy from a common soldier.

TELEGRAPH MESSAGE SENT DIRECT BETWEEN NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO.—NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—A message was sent, between four and five o'clock this afternoon, to the Associated Press of California, composed of the San Francisco Bulletin and Alta, and the Sacramento Union. It went direct, from this city to San Francisco.

An answer was received between six and seven o'clock this evening—being telegraphed direct from San Francisco to New York without repetition. The distance is thirty-five hundred miles, being the largest circuit ever worked.

☞ HISSING PROHIBITED.—It is not permitted to hiss in France—politically, of course not—but not even at the theatre. A young workman ventured at Bordeaux to express his disapprobation of the prima donna's bravura, whereon she fainted, and he was incarcerated for twenty-four hours, and fined at the end a sufficiency of silver and the expenses.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEM'R 15, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE SECRET ROOM" is respectfully declined.

CHANGE OF PRICES.

The general increase of prices has at length reached the article of paper;—white paper, within the last week or so, having advanced from thirty to fifty per cent., the market being very unsettled even at the advance.

We suppose our readers generally know, that the cost of the white paper is the most important item in the expenses of every newspaper establishment—and that anything that greatly affects that, cannot fail soon to affect the price of newspapers.

As for THE POST, we have long felt that the price asked for the paper when taken by large clubs, left scarcely a particle of profit; but the natural hesitancy to alter existing arrangements has prevented any change, year after year. Under the recent advance in the cost of paper however, an alteration becomes an absolute necessity.

THE POST is printed on a larger sheet than the literary papers of New York, and yet the New York literary papers have always put their club prices at a higher rate.

The change we design making *for the present* is to conform more closely to the usual New York prices—though, for the largest clubs, our terms will still be considerably under their rates. The new terms are as follows:—

One copy, as before, - - - -	$2,00
Two copies, " - - - - -	3,00
Four copies, - - - - -	6,00
Eight copies (and one to the getter up of the club), - - - - -	12,00
Twenty copies (and one to the getter up of the club), - - - - -	25,00

The above will be the terms on which we will accept subscriptions for the present. In case of another advance, however, in the price of paper, which we fear is not improbable, we shall be compelled to advance our rates still higher.

In connection with this subject, we may mention that the advance in the price of paper is owing, in addition to the general advance in prices, to the growing scarcity of cotton rags; which scarcity in its turn, so far as the manufacture of paper is concerned, is said to be aggravated by a recent attempt of the shoddy manufacturers to turn cotton rags into shoddy for the use of the cloth mills. We hope that every good housewife through the country, as she values cheap books and papers, will be even more careful than usual to see that all the rags are saved, and none allowed to go to waste.

ROORBACKS.

We suppose the readers of THE POST have learned by this time not to place implicit trust in all the ridiculous and startling reports that emanate from the correspondents of the daily papers, and which are often designed to affect the stock market. The latest batch of these roorbacks is officially contradicted as follows:—

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—The agent of the Associated Press inquired at the State Department to-day about the current statements of Mr. Seward's having been consulted by Mr. Buchanan in the closing period of his administration; also, about the startling report that hostile announcements had been made by Mr. Mercier to the Secretary of State, and about protracted and adjourned and anxious meetings of the Cabinet, involving a series of military and Cabinet changes.

The Secretary simply replied to the inquiry *that the alleged consultations between himself and Mr. Buchanan were imaginary, the reported propositions of Mr. Mercier were apocryphal, and the alleged Cabinet meetings fabulous.*

Relative to the roorback of immediate French intervention, it doubtless took its rise in the complaints made by the French minister relative to the treatment of M. Heidsieck and other French residents of New Orleans. The French demand is stated to be not only for the immediate release of Mr. Heidsieck, but for an indemnity adequate to the damages caused by his long imprisonment, and the wrongs he is alleged to have sustained. Of course if it shall be found that Gen. Butler has exceeded the limits of justice and right in the matters complained of, the Federal government will give adequate reparation. That justice which we demand for our own citizens in foreign lands, we must be always willing to accord to foreigners ourselves. We think it probable that General Butler's sword occasionally cuts a little too deep and too wide, but it is such an unusual fault with our generals, that we are disposed to view his mistakes with a lenient eye.

OUR ARMIES.

The position of McClellan's army is briefly as follows: He occupies the country on the east of the Blue Ridge, with his left—or front, going southward—as far south as Warrenton. The gaps in the Blue Ridge are occupied and guarded as he advances.

The rebel army is in the valley west of the Blue Ridge, and at Gordonsville. Where their main force is, we are not informed.

McClellan's army has been reinforced by Sigel's corps.

In the West the expedition to open the Mississippi is nearly ready. Rosecrans is preparing to move southward. Grant is said to be moving.

Several skirmishes have taken place during McClellan's march southward, but they have been of no great importance, except so far as they seem to show that Pleasanton's cavalry is more than a match for the rebel Stuart's, as we have been almost uniformly successful.

In the eventful conflicts now apparently rapidly approaching, may God prosper the good cause, and give the victory to the Right.

THE ALABAMA.

It has been stated that the pirate steamer 290 derived its name from the fact that 290 English merchants subscribed to the funds with which it was built. The Richmond Dispatch, however, says: "The origin of the name of the 290 is this. By a regulation of the Admiralty, all the English ship builders number the ships constructed at their respective yards, previous to their being named, which is usually done at the launching. The 290 was the 290th ship built at that particular yard, and, being designed for foreign owners, she kept her number in lieu of her name."

The impression that the rebel steamship Alabama was built by a number of British merchants, and presented to the rebels, is so very general, that if it is not correct, it should be contradicted by some better authority than the *Richmond Dispatch*. We, who differ somewhat from the great majority of our fellow-citizens relative to the neutrality of England in the war, have found it more difficult to explain this affair of the Alabama than almost any other. Although not a government measure, it seems to manifest such a determined hostility to us on the part of one of the most influential classes of the English people, that we can scarcely avoid the acknowledgment that though the government may be neutral, the people are not.

We see it stated that the Alabama, with a piratical disregard for nationalities, has already destroyed three vessels whose cargoes belonged to Englishmen, and that the British Consul at New York is highly indignant thereat, and has suggested the despatch of British armed vessels from Halifax to inquire into the matter. That the engineers should thus

"Hoist with their own petard,"

is not a matter that many Americans will grieve over.

A STATE AFFAIR.

The recent execution of ten rebels in Missouri in retaliation for the murder of a Union man, occurred under the authority of the militia of that state, and not under the military administration of the Federal Government. The contest, we regret to say, is in danger of becoming in certain portions of Missouri, remorseless and inhuman. Nothing will be gained by this, while a great deal of mutual suffering will be inflicted. We do hope that the Union men of all the Border States, even under circumstances naturally calculated to exasperate men to the utmost, will be true to the merciful character of the Christian religion, and shed no blood out of mere wild revenge or wantonness. Remember Him who said, "Vengeance is mine. I will repay!" Enough of blood has to be shed as a stern, sad necessity to satisfy the most vindictive; and it is far manlier to err on the side of Mercy than on that of Vengeance.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.—We refer our readers to the advertisement of Photographic Albums, and would further say that, as a natural objection sometimes is felt in forwarding money to strangers, any order for Albums, forwarded with the money to us, will be duly attended to.

☞ A rat, at Davenport, Iowa, the other day, which was being chased by several persons, ran up a man's leg inside his trowsers. It laid hold of the man's leg with its teeth and held its grip with such tenacity that the man's trowsers had to be cut, and the rat was ultimately taken off with a piece of flesh between his teeth. The wound inflicted is stated to be serious.

☞ People often speak of a trillion as a possible number. The fact is not a trillion of seconds has elapsed since the creation of Adam! nor will that number have elapsed until February 1st, in the year of our Lord 25,825! for in a trillion of seconds there are 31,687 years, 32 days, 1 hour, 46 minutes and 40 seconds.

☞ "This medicine," said Dr. Squills, "after having been taken for a few days, will produce the desired change." "What!" exclaimed the thunder-struck patient, "you don't say so, doctor?" "It's a fact, sir," said the doctor; "the science of medicine has now reached—" "Well," said the patient, interrupting him, "it is wonderful! If you'd said 'postage-stamps,' doctor, I wouldn't have said anything; but the 'desired change,' doctor, it seems impossible."

☞ One of our social defects is that every man wishes to send his mistress a set of jewels before he has paid his tailor's bill. This is called generosity; but it is very ungrateful to spend your money on her who loves you for your clothes and forget him who supplied you with your charms.

☞ At a recent conference meeting in Pennsylvania, the members were asked, how many brethren can you accommodate at your house? One lady arose, saying, "I can sleep two, but I can eat as many as you will send along."

STATUETTES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Among the objects of interest which the lovers of art can always find in the galleries of the Messrs. Earle, Chestnut street, a series of statuettes, by John Rogers, of New York, deserve universal attention for their peculiar and indeed wonderful excellence in their own line of art, and for their thorough Americanism of subject and treatment. These scenes of the camp take their place as the most graphic and vigorous record of the military life which is at present the life of the nation, that has as yet been cast into form. It is not camp-life in general that is represented, but an American soldier in the exceptional circumstances of the warfare of to-day; and the national physiognomy is so preserved and generalized that it is recognizable in every one of the small but extraordinarily life-like figures of Mr. Rogers's groups.

"The Picket Guard" is perhaps the finest of all. The grouping best satisfies the artistic requirements of symmetry and grace.—The tall figure of the officer in the centre is kingly enough for that of Agamemnon himself, and in its erect attentiveness, as in the crouching alertness of the figures on each side, the intent listening look makes us hold our breath in sympathy as we gaze on it.—"Making Friends with the Cook" is a capital scene, where a soldier, in affectionate proximity to a large cauldron over the camp fire, adroitly carries favor with the contraband who is stirring its contents by expounding the newspaper to him. "The Game of Cards" is equally graphic, and the comic roguishness with which the younger soldier resists the half angry remonstrances of the other player is very amusing. In the group of "The Town Pump" we are disposed to take some exception to the sly demureness of the damsel who enacts Rebecca at the well for a good-looking and thirsty Zouave; but our fault-finding does not extend to the artistic merits of the work. Altogether we are delighted at the new field which we see opened here, and feel disposed to rank them as highly in this peculiar line as Thom's celebrated group of Tam O'Shanter itself; while in "The Picket Guard" a more heroic touch is given than we fancy the Scottish sculptor capable of.—These statuettes have, we believe, been on view for some weeks, or perhaps months, but other engagements had made us pass them by with only a cursory glance, so that now we feel very much as if we had stumbled upon a new gold mine.

A half-size group in plaster, which is now exhibiting in the Messrs. Earle's upper gallery, by what sculptor we failed to learn, has merits which contrast very effectively with those of the works which we have been discussing. The cast is not a well-finished one, but even in this material the group is beautiful, and the conception an exquisite one. A nude boyish figure crouches among the wild wood spoils of ferns, grasses and leaves which he seems to have been gathering, and sunk in blissful reverie gazes out before him unconscious that the happy trance, the glimpse of things ineffable which opens before him, are whispered to his inner nature by the sylph whose graceful form floats up from the group of fern beside him, and who gently and tenderly murmurs in his ear "The Fairy's whisper." It is thus that "a delicate spirit haunts the woods," and opens, to all who have senses fine enough to hear, the deep spell-word of nature.

DESAIX.—Seeing that Desaix is one of the three generals named as pattern warriors by Gen. Scott, our readers will perhaps be gratified if we reproduce Napoleon's estimate of that celebrated officer. "Of all the generals I ever had under me," said Napoleon to O'Meara, at St. Helena, "Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasure, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised everything else. Desaix was wholly wrapt up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasure were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little, black looking man, about an inch snorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt I made him a present of a complete field equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as comfortably as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs the just Sultan. He was intended by nature for a great general." There are features in this picture of a great general by a greater one that we would fain commend to the especial study of some of our own generals.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE BRITISH ARMY.—From a recent official report the following facts are gathered:—Scotland is shown to furnish the tallest, and Ireland the shortest men, one of the strongest illustrations being that Irishmen under five feet five inches were found to be one-fourth more numerous than Englishmen or Scotchmen. Formerly, Ireland furnished the largest proportion of the army. Now it is England, the ratio per thousand being in England and Wales 566, in Ireland 321, in Scotland 107. Scotland gives the most readers, Ireland the fewest, England indemnifying itself by giving the largest proportion of recruits able to write. The rejection of Englishmen is found to be chiefly for weakness of the chest; of Scotchmen for bad teeth, and Irishmen for weak eyes; and it seems that professional men, as students and artists, with shopmen and clerks, are more eligible by physical qualification than either servants, husbandmen or mechanics.

☞ At a wedding, recently, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped her prettiest curtsey, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

Various Opinions About Women.

Woman, with weaker passions than man, is superior to him in soul. The Gauls attributed to her an additional sense—the divine sense. They were right, nature has given women two painful heavenly gifts which distinguishes them, and often raises them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion they devote themselves, by enthusiasm they exalt themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more heart and more imagination than man. Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart; women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism, of which woman is the instrument in the hand of God. When all is desperate in a national cause, we need not despair while there remains a spark of resistance in a woman's heart, whether she is called Judith, Clelia, Joan of Arc, Victoria, Colonna in Italy, or Charlotte Corday, in our own day. God forbid that I compare those that I cited. Judith and Charlotte Corday sacrificed themselves, but their sacrifice did not recoil at crime. Their inspiration was heroic, but their heroism mistook its aim; it took the poniard of the assassin instead of the sword of the hero. Joan of Arc used only the sword of defence; she was not merely inspired by heroism, she was inspired by God.—*Lamartine.*

AN ELEGANT WOMAN.—There is a person whose harmonious voice gives to her conversation a charm found equally in her manners. She knows how to speak and keep silence; how delicately to engage herself to you, and use only proper subjects of conversation.—Her words are happily chosen; her language is pure; her raillery caresses; and her criticism does not wound. Far from contradicting with the ignorant assurance of a fool, she seems to seek in your company good sense or truth. She indulges in dissertations as little as she does in disputes; she delights to lead a discussion, which she stops when she pleases. Of an equable temper, her air is affable and gay. Her politeness has nothing forced in it; her welcome is never servile; she reduces respect to nothing more than a delicate shade; she never tires you, and leaves you satisfied with her and yourself.

Attracted to her sphere by an inexplicable power, you find her wit and grace impressed upon the thing with which she surrounds herself; everything there pleases the sight, and while there you seem to breathe the fresh air of the country. In intimacy she seduces you by a tone of fresh simplicity.—She is natural. She never makes an effort at luxury or display. Her sentiments are simply rendered because they are true. She is frank, without offending any one's self-love. She accepts men as God made them, pardoning their faults and ridiculous qualities; comprehending all ages, and vexing herself about nothing, since she has tact enough to foresee everything. She obliges rather than consoles; she is tender and gay; therefore you will love her irresistibly. You will take her for a type, and vow to worship her.—*Balzac.*

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talents, or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin, the fire that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Alladdin palace. Where is the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling on the turbid tide will not awaken an answering gleam? Why these joyously tempered people don't know half the good they do.

WOMAN IN LOVE.—Women acute and well-judging on other subjects, are blind as beetles when man addresses the subject of love to them. A moral mist rises before their understandings; they become credulous as bigots, and the poor man, even if his suit be hopeless, is instantly invested with some sort of merit, by virtue of the tender passion.

It is remarkable too, that in the inverse ratio to other things, experience in these affairs seem not only to avail a woman nothing, but to throw her off her guard. "To refuse twenty good offers and marry an apprentice at thirty," is next to a proverb. Well-seasoned hearts, perforated with many an arrow from Love's quiver, have always some weak spot in them, and yield often in a minute.

For my own part, from intimate observation of my own sex—the result of many friendly confidings, I would sooner trust the discernment of sixteen, in these matters, than of six-and-thirty. And while it is usual to talk of the dangers of eighteen, and the folly of young girls, the moralists who wish well to humankind, should point out the shoals of eight-and-thirty—the extreme rashness of forty—the next to madness of forty-five.—*Englishwoman.*

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN BALTIMORE.—On Wednesday night, about nine o'clock, as a poor Irish mother, with her babe upon her lap, was sitting at her fireside, a sudden crash was heard, and in an instant mother and babe were launched into eternity. A train of cars was passing along the street of its own momentum. Two passed on. A third was wrested from its connection by a violent twist, and deflected from the track upon a switch leading into a coal yard. Dashing along the siding, it was wrenched from its running gear, that was stopped by a heap of coal, and projected with violence against the side of a small brick tenement, which it utterly demolished, killing, in its flight, the poor mother and her infant.

☞ Modesty is well—nevertheless, genius always knows itself.

JOE PARSONS OF BALTIMORE.

Joe enlisted in the 1st Maryland regiment, and was plainly a "rough," originally. As we passed along the hall of the Military Hospital we first saw him, crouched near an open window, lustily singing "I'm a bold soldier boy;" and observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said, "What's your name, my good fellow?"

"Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir; blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes—at Antietam. Both eyes shot out at one clip."

Poor Joe was in the front, at Antietam Creek, and a minie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old; but he was as happy as a lark!

"It is dreadful," I said.

"I'm very thankful I'm alive, sir. It might ha' been worse, yer see," he continued. And then he told us his story.

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away. I cuddn't see nothin', though. So I waited, and listened; and at last I heard a feller groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I. 'Hello, yourself,' says he. 'Who be yer?' says I, 'a rebel?' 'You're a Yankee,' says he. 'So I am,' says I; 'what's the matter with you?' 'My leg's smashed,' says he. 'Can't yer walk?' 'No.' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a d——d rebel, but, will you do me a little favor?' 'I will,' says he, 'ef I ken.' Then I says, 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin'. My eyes is knocked out; but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out o' this. You p'int the way, an' I'll tote yer off the field, on my back.' 'Bully for you!' says he. And so we managed to git together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outen his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both, and' he did the navigatin'. An' ef he didn't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! Howsever, the colonel came up, an' says he, 'Whar d'yer come from, who be yer?' I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more shoot'n; an' he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things considered."

"But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested, sympathetically.

"That's so," he answered, glibly; "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n, not my fault,—as the old man said of his blind hoss. But—

"'I'm a bold soldier boy,'"

he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment. Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout hearted Joe Parsons!—*Letter from Alexandria, Va.*

MORMONISM AND DOUBLE LOVE.

Last week a company of Mormon emigrants arrived at Boston, on their way to Utah. Among them was noticed a young man, more distinguished in his appearance than the remainder of the company, and near him two young females, deeply veiled, whose delicate grace and reserve indicated them as belonging to a superior social position. Their history merits relation. Ludwig Feroe was the son of a rich land-owner in Sweden, and the two young ladies were two orphans, who were brought up with him in his father's family, until he left for college, at Dontheim, where he remained several years, and afterwards travelling over the greater part of Europe, his former playmates were forgotten. Returning at last to his home, he was astonished to find two beautiful women, dazzling as the Undine of the poet. He was struck to the heart as with an arrow. Love conquered him at first sight. He was in love, but with which one? Both were splendidly beautiful. He was enamored of both. He was in a whirlpool of doubt, indecision, and perplexity. It was necessary to come to some decision, and he naturally came to the most droll one. In an excess of desperate frankness he related to the two young girls the state of his feelings. They laughed at him at first, then they reflected, and the result of their reflections was that they both loved Ludwig, and were as embarrassed as he. About this time one of the Mormon apostles passing through the place, sought to make proselytes to the doctrine of the Saints, and converted the young man and the two girls. Thus Ludwig Feroe, and his companions, Mina and Evohe, form a part of the Mormon emigrants on their way to Salt Lake, where their romance of love and duplications of wives will be speedily tested.

"BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS."

We have long known that the people of "little Delaware" were called "Blue Hen's Chickens," but could not tell why. At our request, Rev. Dr. Coombe, of Philadelphia, a native of Delaware, furnishes the explanation as follows: In the olden time there was in that State a breed of fighting cocks, noted for their pluck and endurance. They never knew when they were whipped, but would fight on as long as there was a feather left. The only account of the origin of this breed was that they originally sprung from a blue hen. In the Revolutionary war (1776-83), Delaware furnished a regiment of soldiers, which in numerous marches and battles became distinguished for persistent bravery. On this account they came to be called the "Blue Hen's Chickens." The name thus becoming an honorable one, was afterwards assumed by the people of the State.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ FAST.—Would it be appropriate to term a juvenile convict in chains a fast young man?

MY TOADS.

"The toad," observes an old and quaint writer, "is the most noble kind of frog, most venomous, and remarkable for courage and strength," such qualities being evidently indicative of nobility in the mind of the narrator. So, among the Hindoos, the cobra is honored as the creature of highest caste next to the Brahmin, and an old and very vicious Hoonuman is deeply respected as a very high caste monkey; and so, throughout all oriental nations the surest road to respect is to insult their chiefs and thrash the people in general, giving no reason for either proceeding. In the present case, however, there are but little grounds for the respect which our author evidently entertained for the toad, as, after a long and somewhat intimate acquaintance with this batrachian, I have found his venom impotent, have never witnessed any display of his courage, and think his strength to be, bulk for bulk, inferior to that of a frog. Still, the toad is a respectable animal enough, and to those who will wisely discard the prejudice attached to its name, a very curious and interesting animal. Ever since I used to potter up and down our garden, a small six-year old naturalist, with magnifying glass always open in one hand, and an empty pill-box in the other, the toad has been a great favorite with me, though, perhaps, considering the rude handling to which it was continually subjected, the feeling was hardly reciprocated on the part of the reptile.

En passant, let me speak in the highest terms of the benefit conferred on children by letting them run about as they will in a rough and ready kind of garden, where they may work their own sweet wills, dig, plant, sow, build, and play, just as they like, without being subjected to the annoyance of being confined to the gravel, and forbidden, under severe penalties, to place a foot on the beds. It is an education in itself to them, this wild freedom. They learn a thousand things that books will never teach them: the use of their limbs, the use of their eyes, readiness of resource, and quick appreciation. They are sure to realize in vivid action every event of which they hear or read, and thus indelibly fix their knowledge on their childish memory.

For my own part, I know that there was not an event in Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family Robinson, Persian Fables, or Arabian Nights, that we did not act over and over again; while the histories of England, Greece and Rome were delineated with equal force.

Not only were we wrecked on desert islands—not only did we rescue Men Fridays (darkening our faces with black lead, in order to represent that suave savage in character)—not only did we build "falcon's nests" in the apple tree, and make rope-ladders out of clothes lines—not only, in fine, did we reduce to practice any practicable event in our favorite books, and "make believe" fervently in all impracticable cases, but we pursued the same system with severer studies, and acted in turn every historical person of whom we read, though the originals might have found some difficulty in recognizing their representatives, or the localities in which the particular adventure occurred. For us, however, the result was perfectly satisfactory. If we pushed each other out of the loft window, the Tarpeian rock was sufficiently indicated; and if the representative of the criminal happened to hurt himself by the fall, it only made things look more real. And so, whether we gained our kingdoms by seeing flights of vultures, killed our brothers for jumping over the wall, got killed ourselves by an arrow in the eye at an imaginary Hastings, or one through the heart in an equally imaginary New Forest, the rocking-horse being of great service in the latter catastrophe, we certainly contrived to impress on our minds a tolerably vivid idea of the circumstances.

Children thus learn at the earliest years to distinguish one plant from another, to know a flower from a weed, and to learn something of their various properties; while, with regard to the animal kingdom, they gain a fund of practical experience that is sure to be valuable in after life.

It is no small matter for them to get rid of a fear, to distinguish between the harmless and hurtful beings, and by watching their interesting habits, to feel a sympathy with their fellow creatures, and to appreciate too keenly the infinite value of life to kill any living thing without just cause. We were never afraid of black beetles, daddy long-legs, or of any of the insect tribe, except the few that wore stings; while the frogs and toads were our special pets, lived in magnificent edifices made of bricks and flower-pots, and had each its own name. Long before we read about them in books we knew all about their absorption of water through the skin, their sudden cry of fear when alarmed, the equally sudden change of color, and the curious fact that a frog which lived in a dark hole was always brown, and one that lived in the open air was yellow; while, as to the venemous nature of the toads, as energetically detailed by our nursery maids, we treated the notion with supreme contempt, and handled a toad as easily as if it had been a ball. I am sure that many persons—young ladies especially—who cannot rid themselves of real terrors at the sight of many a harmless and useful creature, would have been much happier if their early lives had been spent in a garden such as has been described.

Having always felt an interest in these ungainly but truly useful batrachians, I begged from a friend a fine pair of toads that had just been sent from Jersey, and placed them in a glass fern-case.

Their first proceeding was to establish hiding-places, each choosing its own corner for that purpose. The method in which a toad ensconces itself is rather curious. Supposing, for example, that it wishes to burrow into the base of a small mound, it begins by finding some small spot where the earth is tolerably loose; it plants the extremity of the back against the mound, wriggles about in a position that reminds the observer of the green crab shovelling itself under the sand, and pushes the earth from beneath it with the hind feet, passing it forwards under the body, where it is taken up by the fore feet and put out of the way. Inadequate as the means may seem, the soft, skinny feet of the toad being apparently the worst spades that could well be devised, the creature will sink itself below the ground in a wonderfully short space of time. It is remarkable that a toad never enters its hole except by backing into it—at least I have never seen one do so, whether it be at liberty or in confinement.

Having fairly established themselves, they looked out for food, although, with all of their kin, they were capable of sustaining a very prolonged fast without any apparent inconvenience. As at that time I was living in the very heart of London, it was not easy to procure the proper kind of food for the toads, who feed wholly upon living creatures, and will touch nothing that does not move. However, I contrived to bring home a miscellaneous collection in several boxes, and tried experiments with them.

They would eat earthworms, provided that they were clean and lively, so as to writhe about in that manner which a toad cannot resist. They were captured after the usual custom, namely, by a sudden "flick" of the curious tongue, which is so rapidly moved that, with the most careful attention, the eye can only distinguish a pink streak suddenly appear and as suddenly vanish. A slight slapping sound is heard as the tongue is thrown towards the prey.

The fact has long been known, but the details have, I believe, not yet been fully described. It is by no means necessary, as has been repeatedly asserted, for the toad to remain motionless, with its eyes intently fixed on its victim. On the contrary, I have often seen the toad catch beetles in spots where it could not see them, and without even attempting to look for them. The tongue can be flung in any direction, and always with equal certainty of aim, at right angles to the head for example, out of either corner of the mouth, or even under the body. I have repeatedly seen the creature aim at an insect that was crawling under its body, and mostly with success; if not so, a second shot was sure to be effectual.

I used frequently to feed them with bluebottle flies, by the simple process of putting them into the fern-case and closing the entrance. In spite of the wings and activity of the insect, the toad was sure to have it before long. At the first buzz, the toad would come all in a hurry out of his hole, tumbling over stones and sticks in his eagerness, and evidently listening for the sound of the fly's wings. As soon as the insect settles within reach of the tongue (and when the reptile stood on its hind legs it had a marvellous reach), the toad used to raise its head with an oddly knowing air, and looked as eager as a cat which hears a mouse behind the door. It would then scramble hastily towards the fly, when a red streak would be seen to flash from its mouth, a slight slap was heard, and the fly had vanished. If the insect took alarm, the toad was quite content to wait, and was certain to hunt it down at last.

It may be here mentioned that the root of the toad's tongue is set on the front of the lower jaw, the point being directed backward; so that when an insect is captured, the mere return of the tongue flings it down the throat. A few decided gulps are, however, needful to complete the operation, and the aspect of the toad while engaged in swallowing is most absurd, the elevated eyes being closed and disappearing entirely by the exertion. The dimensions of the insect make no difference in the magnitude of the gulp and the disappearance of the eyes.

Few persons who have not personally watched a toad can form any idea of the dexterous manner in which it uses its fore-paws, these apparently clumsy members serving the purpose of hands, and being frequently employed in lieu of those important limbs. If, for example, the toad has snapped up a tolerably long worm, it will probably be incommoded by the natural objection entertained by the annelid with respect to its lodgment in its captor's stomach, and the struggles which it makes to escape, its head and tail usually protruding at opposite sides of the mouth.

Now, the toad is strangely indifferent to wounds and injuries, and even if nearly severed in two seems to be as unconcerned as if it had no personal interest in the calamity. But nothing appears to annoy the strange creature so much as any object sticking in the sides of the mouth, and it displays a vast amount of uneasiness until it has removed the annoyance. In order to effect this object, the fore-paws are brought into play, the creature grasping at the irritating object just as a monkey would do under similar circumstances, and either pushes it down the throat or throws it away, according to its fitness or unfitness for food. I have known the leg of a beetle, or even the wing of a fly, worry the toad sadly, while a small blade of grass excited it to such a degree that it very nearly looked angry.

There is one curious point connected with the toad, which I never have been able to comprehend. Supposing it to be pursuing a fly, and the insect to have settled out of reach, the toad sits watching it just as the lion is said to watch a baboon or a human being who takes refuge in a tree. While thus watching, the last joint of the middle toe of the hind feet is continually jerked with a convulsive kind of movement, twitching in unison, at irregular intervals. The movement seems to be quite involuntary, and I suppose is analogous to the waving of the lion's tail while the animal is crouching in view of its intended prey.

Although the toad can endure a very long fast, there seems to be no limit to its gormandizing capacities when it meets with a plentiful supply of food. The smaller of my specimens ate successively several worms, a great "woolly bear" caterpillar (i. e. the larva of the tiger moth *Arctia caja*), a large grub, apparently the larval state of some beetle, a number of smaller insects, and a large ground beetle (*Carabus violaceus*). These various capabilities render it a most useful animal, and one which should be carefully guarded by every owner of a garden. For at night, when the obnoxious slugs, flies, beetles, and other insects are on the move, the toad comes out to prey on them, and quietly performs very great service by the steady, thorough-going manner in which it clears the plants of every creature that moves.

Some entomologists, whose zeal for the enrichment of their cabinets exceeds their humanity, are in the habit of sallying out into the fields at early dawn, killing all the toads that they can find, and opening them for the purpose of getting the insects that have been swallowed during the night. Some of the rarest British specimens have been taken in this manner, beetles being the usual denizens of the locality. Conchologists are accustomed to employ a similar mode of collecting the objects of their research, and find some of the best specimens in the stomachs of several deep sea fishes; and microscopists in like manner find a vast museum of beautiful objects within the digestive organs of various mollusca.

The beautiful eye of the toad is proverbial, redeeming the ungainliness of its general aspect, and having in all probability given rise to the fabled jewel within the head. Bright and richly colored as is the eye, with its round, bold, fiery chestnut hue, it is without the least vestige of expression, and retains its full brilliancy long after the animal is dead. As to the venemous powers of the toad, they are not to be found in the mouth, as is popularly imagined, but in two rather large glands on the sides of the head, which projects boldly and are plainly visible. If one of these protuberances be squeezed between the fingers, a whitish, creamy-looking liquid will be ejected, and perhaps to some little distance. While performing this operation, it will be as well to hold the toad in such a manner that the secretion may not be shot into the eyes, as in that case it would certainly cause severe pain, and might probably produce violent inflammation. Still, it will not be ejected without the employment of considerable force, and is never injurious to human beings.

Briefly to sum up the character of the toad: it is not pretty, is entirely harmless, extremely useful, easily tamed, and worthy of being cherished by those who prefer deeds to outward seeming; it is a creature of curious and interesting habits, and affords a rich field to any one with time and opportunity, for clearing up several important but disputed points in physiology.

J. G. Wood.

Death of Gen. Ormsby M. Mitchell.

The country will be deeply pained to learn that Gen. Ormsby M. Mitchell died at Beaufort, South Carolina, on the 30th ultimo, of yellow fever. He was perhaps better known to the public, before the war, than most of the generals now in the field, having been brought prominently to their notice in former years by his abilities and talents as an astronomer, and his eloquence and brilliance as an orator, more especially when evinced in his lectures upon his favorite science. Born in Kentucky in July, 1810, he at an early age, engaged his services as clerk to a merchant in Piqua, Ohio, and subsequently in Lebanon and Xenia. In 1825 he was appointed cadet at West Point, and, after graduating in the artillery corps, became Assistant Professor of Mathematics at that institution. In June, 1832, he resigned his position in the army, and in the following October removed to Cincinnati, where, for two years, he practiced law. In 1836 he became Professor of Mathematics, Philosophy and Astronomy, in the Cincinnati College, an honorable post he occupied for many years, and during this term, by his researches and discoveries, he added greatly to the cause of science and lustre to his own name.

On the 9th of August, 1861, he was selected, for his known military abilities, for the appointment of brigadier-general in the army, and since that period has been actively engaged in battling for the Union in the West and Southwest. His brilliant strategy and the rapidity of his movements in Alabama, with the advantages derived to the country therefrom, prompted the government to promote him to a major-generalship.

But a few weeks since he was ordered to South Carolina, and although the last steamer from Beaufort brought the intelligence of his illness, the public still hoped that his recovery was certain.

The news this morning destroys the illusion, and again are we called to mourn the death of a good and wise man, an able commander, and unflinching patriot.—*Philada. Inquirer.*

A Sad Story.—The Hartford (Conn.) Press relates that between three and four weeks ago the wife of Mr. George L. Ford, of Glastenburg, Connecticut, who has mourned unceasingly over the loss of two children three or four years ago, and had recently been troubled with church difficulties, spiritualism, &c., and was in poor health, became violently insane. Her father and mother, Mr. Lucius Talcott and wife, came to assist her husband in taking care of her; and after four days and nights of incessant care, Mr. Ford and Mr. Talcott and wife also became insane through a sort of mesmeric influence, Mr. Ford thinks—and all four were shouting and breaking all the furniture in the house. The neighbors removed Mr. Ford from the presence of his wife, when he became rational again and remained so. Mrs. Ford was removed to the Insane Retreat. Mr. Talcott and wife were taken there a few days later, and Mr. Talcott has since died. All the parties are of respectability and property. Mr. Talcott and wife were spiritualists.

☞ Christopher Beckworth, of Huron county, Ohio, has eleven sons. About a year ago they cast lots to see which one of their number should stay at home. The lot fell on Charles, being the youngest. Thereupon ten enlisted. When the last call was made, the last of the boys, with the consent of his parents, went to Cincinnati, and enlisted in Captain Sample's company, and is now off for the war. The entire family, at last advices, were well and doing good service.—Beat this who can!

☞ A pig walked into a tailor shop in Bangor, recently, and made his way toward the cutting-board. The Whig thinks he was probably attracted by the smell of "cabbage" in that locality.

☞ To be personally great is to forget all personal greatness.

THE ELECTIONS.

We give the returns of the recent elections as accurately as we are able to make them up. The official returns doubtless will cause some changes in the list.

The result of the whole is that the Republicans have lost largely, though whether sufficiently to lose them the control of the next House of Representatives is still uncertain.

New York.—The Democratic state ticket is elected by from 10,000 to 12,000 majority. The legislature is still in doubt—the Assembly is reported as 65 Dem. to 63 Repub. The Republicans probably have a majority of 12 on a joint ballot of both branches of the legislature. The Democrats elect 17 members of Congress, and the Republicans 14—that is, if Clarke, "Union Democrat," in the 20th district, is to be counted, as claimed, among the latter. Upon which point we are not able at present to judge.

Among the Democrats elected from New York are Fernando and Benjamin Wood.

New Jersey.—The Democrats have elected Parker governor by about 14,000 majority. They have a large majority in the legislature. The Congressional delegation stands one Republican to four Democrats.

Delaware.—Cannon (Union) is elected Governor by 111 majority. Temple (Democrat) is elected over Fisher (Republican and Emancipationist) by 23 majority. The Legislature is two-thirds Democratic.

Massachusetts.—Gov. Andrews (Repub) is re elected by 25,000 majority over General Devens (People's party)—no Democratic candidate in the field. The legislature is very largely Republican. The Congressional delegation stands nine Republicans to one "People's party"—Sleeper, in the third district.

The People's party seems to be an Administration party, with the exception of being opposed to emancipation, and to the re-election of Charles Sumner as U. S. Senator.

Illinois.—The Democrats have carried the state on the vote for "Congressman at large" by from 15,000 to 20,000 majority.

To Congress nine Democrats and five Republicans have been elected. The Democrats have a large majority in the legislature.

Michigan.—The Republicans claim the state ticket by 5,000 majority. Four Republicans are elected to Congress, and one Democrat. For the other (sixth) district we have no returns.

Wisconsin.—Four Union (administration) and two Democrats are probably elected to Congress.

Kansas.—The Republican state officers have been elected. The Republican member of Congress is elected by about 3,000 majority.

Missouri.—The returns look favorable to the Republicans or Emancipationists. They have elected their candidate in the 1st Congressional District by a majority, leaving out the soldiers' vote, of 457. Returns from the army will probably increase it to 1,000. Gen. Loan is also elected in the 7th District. Hall (Democrat?) is elected in the 8th District. Rollens (Union) in the 9th. It is reported that a majority of the members of the legislature elect are for Emancipation. But all our accounts from this state are very much confused. It is difficult to tell who is elected, and what politics are held by the candidates.

Minnesota.—Two Republicans are said to be elected to Congress in the first and second districts.

The Changes in Congress.—The following are the changes in Congress according to the reported returns of the late elections.—The official returns doubtless will make some corrections needful:

	Present Congress.		Next Congress.	
	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Pennsylvania,	8	17	12	13
Ohio,	9	12	14	5
Indiana,	4	7	7	4
Iowa,	0	2	0	6
New York,	10	23	17	14
New Jersey,	3	2	4	1
Delaware,	0	1	1	0
Illinois,	5	4	9	5
Wisconsin,	0	8	2	4
Massachusetts,	0	11	1	9
Kansas,	0	1	0	1
Minnesota,	0	2	0	2
Michigan,	0	4	2	4
Missouri,	5	2	3	4
	44	91	73	71

In the Democratic column we include Sleeper, of Massachusetts, and in Missouri give the vote as 3 Democrats to 4 Republicans, as an approximation to the truth. The Minnesota delegation we are not certain about.

The States not included in the above table are Maine, represented now by 6 Republicans, New Hampshire by 3 Republicans, Vermont by 3 Republicans, Connecticut by 2 Republicans and 2 Democrats, California by 2 Republicans, Oregon by 1 Democrat, Maryland by 5 Union and 1 Democrat, Kentucky by 4 Union—summing up 16 Republicans, 0 Union, and 4 Democrats. The majority in the House either way probably will be very small.

Rapid Growth of Vegetables in Norway.—In a valuable treatise on the vegetable productions of Norway, which has been published by Dr. Mueller, in connection with the Norwegian department of the London Exhibition, some extraordinary facts are related respecting the influence of the long duration of light, during the summer months, on the growth of vegetables in the higher latitudes in Norway. At 70 deg. N. it was found that ordinary peas grew at the rate of three and a half English inches in twenty-four hours for many days in summer, and that some of the cereals also grew as much as two and a half inches in the same time. Not only is the rapidity of growth affected by the constant presence of light, but those vegetable secretions which owe their existence to the influence of actinic force on the leaves, are also produced in far greater quantity than in more southern climates; hence the coloring matter and pigment cells are found in much greater quantity, and the tint of the colored parts of vegetables is consequently deeper. The same remark applies to the flavoring and odoriferous matters, so that the fruits of the north of Norway, though not equal in saccharine properties, are far more intense in flavor than those of the south.

A Petrified Man.—According to the Territorial Enterprise, a petrified man was found some time ago in the mountains south of Gravelly Ford. Every limb and feature of the stony mummy was perfect, not even excepting the left leg, which had evidently been a wooden one during the lifetime of the owner, which lifetime, by the way, came to a close about a century ago, in the opinion of a savan who has examined the defunct. The Enterprise adds: The people of the neighborhood volunteered to bury the poor unfortunate, and were even anxious to do so, but it was discovered when they attempted to remove him that the water which had dripped upon him for ages from the crag above had coursed down his back and deposited a limestone sediment under him, which had glued him to the bedrock upon which he sat as with a cement of adamant, and Judge S. refused to allow the charitable citizens to blast him from his position.—*Alta Cal., 5th ult.*

Brigadier-General Andrew Porter is assigned to command in the state of Pennsylvania, and will also execute the duties of provost marshal general.

Reasons for Gen. McClellan's Removal.

A letter from Gen. Halleck to the Secretary of War evidently contains the main reasons for McClellan's removal.

A large portion of his letter shows conclusively that there was no delay in furnishing supplies to the army. Halleck further says:—

From all the information that I can obtain, I am of the opinion that the requisitions from that army have been filled more promptly, and that the men, as a general rule, have been better supplied, than in the case of our armies operating in the West. The latter have operated at much greater distances from the sources of supplies, and have had far less facilities for transportation. In fine, I believe that no armies in the world, in campaigning, have been more promptly or better supplied than ours.

Third. Soon after the battle of Antietam, Gen. McClellan was urged to give me information of his intended movements, in order that if he moved between the enemy and Washington the reinforcements could be sent from this place. On the 1st of Oct., finding that he purposed to operate from Harper's Ferry, I urged him to cross the river at once and give battle to the enemy, pointing out to him the disadvantages of delaying till the autumn rains had swollen the Potomac and impaired the roads. On the 6th of Oct. he was *peremptorily ordered to cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy, or drive him south.* I said to him:—"*Your army must now move,* while the roads are in good condition." It will be observed that three weeks have elapsed since that order was given.

Fourth. In my opinion *there has been no such want of supplies in the army under General McClellan as to prevent his compliance with my orders to advance upon the enemy.*

Had he moved his army to the south side of the Potomac, he could have received his supplies almost as readily as by *remaining inactive* on the north side.

Fifth. On the seventh of October, in a telegram in regard to his intended movements, Gen. McClellan stated that he would require at least three days to supply the first, fifth, and sixth corps; that they needed shoes, and other indispensable articles of clothing, as well as shelter tents. No complaint was made to me that his army requisitions had not been filled, and it was inferred from his language that he was only waiting for the distribution of his supplies. * * * *

Colonel Ingalls, aid-de-camp and chief of staff to General McClellan, telegraphed on the 25th as follows: "The suffering for want of clothing is exaggerated, I think, and certainly might have been avoided by timely requisitions by the regimental and brigade commanders." On the 24th of October he telegraphed to Quartermaster-General Meigs that the clothing was not detained in the cars at the depots. "Such complaints are groundless. The fact is the clothing arrives and is issued, but more is still wanted. *I have ordered more than would seem necessary from any data furnished me,* and I beg to remind you that you have always very promptly met my requisitions. As far as clothing is concerned, our department is not at fault. It provides as soon as due notice is given. I can foresee no time when an army of over 100,000 men will not call for clothing and other articles."

In addition to the above, it is probable that the alleged escape of the rebel army to Gordonsville, where it is feared they have made a junction with Bragg's army from Kentucky, has completely exhausted the patience of Gen. Halleck and the Administration.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Scotia arrived on the 8th.

Lord Lyons is a passenger; also Hon. Simon Cameron, U. S. Minister to Russia, and family.

The steamer Gladiator, which had arrived at Liverpool from Bermuda, brought sundry reports as to the hostile intentions of Admiral Wilkes; one statement going so far as to say that he blockaded the port, and refused to withdraw his ships at the request of the Governor; that he sent a boat to the Gladiator and ordered the captain to go on board his vessel. The captain refused, being at the time under the protection of a British man-of-war, which ran out its guns, ready for action. The Gladiator was then allowed to proceed.

The matter attracts much attention in England. It is said that orders had been issued for the immediate reinforcement of the West India squadron.

The Cabinet Council which had been summoned did not sit, and the Army and Navy Gazette infers that Lord Lyons returns to Washington without any instructions for a change of policy, except such as may be necessitated by contingencies.

Nashville Attacked.—It was reported at Bowling Green, Ky., on the 7th, that Breckinridge had moved from Murfreesboro' with 20,000 men, expecting to destroy Nashville; but after a heavy bombardment the rebel force concluded to retire. Doubtful.

Major General McCook entered Nashville on the 7th, so it is probably safe beyond peradventure.

Jeff. Thompson, the Missouri guerilla, has sent a polite note to Gen. Butler, acknowledging the receipt of his general order enforcing the oath of allegiance in New Orleans, and stating that it would furnish a precedent for Jeff. Davis when he came into possession of St. Louis, Louisville, Baltimore and Washington "in a few days."

The Great Exhibition in London has proved a financial failure. It will close about the middle of this month. The expenses have been much greater than in 1851—the receipts much less.

☞ Worse than Crinoline.—I remember the time when no young woman who went "into the world" ever appeared till she had tied on before a semicircular cushion of a quarter of a yard long and wide, and two inches thick. The fashion was introduced by Lady Caroline Campbell (afterwards Lamb)—*Mrs. Trench.*

☞ There is a man out West who is so bent on accomplishing his purpose, that he has become hunch-backed.

☞ Beauregard's dispatch from Savannah states that the Federals were driven from Coosawatchie to their gunboats, and that the rebel cavalry were in hot pursuit. No such chase has been heard of since Pharoah's celebrated Red Sea expedition, and much interest is taken in its result—to Beauregard's cavalry.

☞ Abuse of Crinoline.—A shocking abuse of crinoline has just been discovered in a confectionery manufactory in England, where the young ladies were detected in secreting pots of jam, loaf-sugar and candy beneath their dresses. The result was complete prohibition of crinoline on the premises.

LATEST NEWS.

GEN. McCLELLAN RELIEVED.

GEN. BURNSIDE IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Gen. McClellan Ordered to Trenton, N. J.

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Salem, Va., Saturday, November 8, noon, via Gainesville, 3 o'clock P. M.—The order relieving General McClellan from the command of the army of the Potomac was received at Headquarters at 11 o'clock last night. It was entirely unexpected to all, and, therefore, every one was taken by surprise.

On its receipt, the command was immediately turned over to General Burnside.

General Burnside positively refused to take command after Pope's defeat, and recommended the appointment of McClellan.

Gen. McClellan and his staff will leave tomorrow for Trenton, where he is ordered to report.

The order was delivered to him by Gen. Buckingham in person. The last official act of the late commander of the army of the Potomac, was the issuing of an address to the troops of a few words, informing them that the command devolved on Gen. Burnside, and taking leave of them.

From the Army of the Potomac.

Warrenton, Va., Nov. 7, 4 o'clock, P. M.—Gen. Reynolds' corps took possession of this town yesterday, unopposed.

The place was occupied by Col. Payne, with about 400 cavalry and 2 howitzers. Gen. Longstreet's corps had occupied Culpepper for several days. Longstreet left that town last Saturday, and it was generally reported that he would encamp on the hills south of it. Gen. A. P. Hill's command arrived there on Thursday.

Reliable citizens confirm the general belief of intelligent officers of our army, that Lee has succeeded in eluding McClellan, and that the main portion of his army is at Gordonsville.

A. P. Hill's command and Stuart's cavalry formed the rear guard. The former was at Chester Gap, and Pleasonton had pushed Stuart to Flint Hill.

Our troops found two hundred and seventy wounded rebels in the hospital there. Great distress prevails among the citizens hereabouts for the necessaries of life. All the stores have exhausted their supplies and closed. The cars are expected here to-morrow. The snow storm continued till late this afternoon. General Bayard to-day captured Lieut. Colonel Blunt, of Longstreet's staff.—Blunt is Provost General in the rebel army, and was inspecting his pickets when captured.

Leading secessionists of this town prophecy that a great battle will take place in this vicinity in a few days. They represent that Jackson is only ten miles off, with 70,000 men, and Bragg moving from Gordonsville in great force, and say that there is but little doubt that Jackson is threatening to attack our forces at Water'oo.

Headquarters, Warrenton, Va., Oct. 9.—Gen. Pleasonton, yesterday, in a skirmish with the rebel cavalry under Gen. Stuart, captured three pieces of artillery; also a captain, lieutenant, and five privates. No loss has been reported on our side.

Gen. Bayard, yesterday, occupied, and now holds, the railroad bridge across the Rappahannock. The bridge is not injured.

The bridge across Broad Run has been destroyed.

Gainsville, 5.45 P. M., Nov. 9.—The rebels having evacuated Rappahannock Station, from fear of being captured, our forces took possession of it on Friday afternoon. The next morning the rebels returned, greatly reinforced. They were at least three times the strength of our force, but notwithstanding this, after a short but brisk artillery fire, they were compelled to retreat without accomplishing their purpose.

From Nashville.

Louisville, Nov. 9.—No assault had been made on Nashville up to Friday evening last, and nothing had been heard of Gen. Polk's army.

A rebel force, supposed to be under Morgan, made a dash on the new railroad bridge north of Nashville, but were repulsed.

It is reported that the rebels have evacuated Murfreesboro and McMinnville, and gone to Chattanooga; and, also, that Gen. Joe Johnson had arrived at Chattanooga and assumed the command of the department of Tennessee and North Alabama.

Breckinridge's command is at Chattanooga.

Deserters from the rebel army say that Bragg was obliged to destroy most of his spoils captured in Kentucky, to prevent its falling into Gen. Buell's hands.

Miscellaneous.

Gen. McClellan was in Washington on Sunday on his way to Trenton.

Gen. Hooker has recovered, and will immediately take the field.

Gen. Hunter will shortly leave for the Department of the South.

Lately a reconnoissance was made down the river from Helena, Ark., for forty miles, but no rebels were seen.

Rebel guerillas are burning cotton and committing other depredations below Collierville and Memphis.

There is little of interest from Gen. Schofield's army in Missouri. He has so thoroughly beaten and demoralized the rebels in that region that they give him but little trouble.

A rebel force of guerillas attacked the 8th Kentucky cavalry lately, on Bud river, near Madisonville, but were repulsed and their colonel was killed.

Three hundred Indians, captured in the war in Minnesota, and tried for their crimes, have been condemned to be hung. The confirmation of the sentence rests with the authorities at Washington.

The rebels are retreating from Holly Springs. Guerillas are infesting South western Tennessee, enforcing the rebel conscription.

The story that the army could not move for want of clothing and shoes is again denied.

Hon. Simon Cameron has resigned his position of Minister to Russia, and is now in New York. He reports that the friendly sentiments of the Russian nation continue.

In the same despatch comes the information that a fleet of rebel iron clads are building in England for the attack of New York.

Counterfeit $50 and $100 Treasury notes, raised from ones and twos, are reported to be in circulation.

Chicago, Nov. 9.—A special dispatch from Cairo, to the Post, says that our army on the recent march from Corinth to Grand Junction, burned and destroyed the houses and barns along the route, sweeping everything away.

☞ Rank and fashion may be all very fine in time of peace, but rank and file must have precedence of them in time of war.

☞ If ever you were dangerously ill, what fault or folly lay heaviest upon your mind? Take care to root it out, without delay and without mercy.

THE FIRST SHOES.

Wife, keep those shoes with the shape of his feet in them,
Restless, small feet that we'd never have still,
Through all your years to come, visions how sweet in them,
Dreamings, how priceless, your fancy will fill;
Treasure them; some dreams are more than all pleasures
Life's ever giving our hearts to enjoy;
Few things that ever you'll prize, wife, as treasures,
So dear will be as these shoes of our boy.

Worn is each little sole; blessed was the wearing,
Smoothing them so, at which glad tears you wept.
Those wavering weak steps that caused you such caring,
Those tiny steps that our baby first stept;
Wife, to our hearts, what a joy beyond telling
Were those dear totterings, half boldness, half fear,
All the joy then that our proud hearts was swelling,
Where'er we see them, with us will be here.

Bolder those small shoes were ere he outgrew them;
Firm was the foot-tread at last that they knew,
When mother's eyes to her stooping kiss drew them,
With that rapt gaze that still looked him to you;
Seeing them, ah! in the garden I've found him,
Busy and bustling as ant or as bee;
Glad as the butterfly flitting around him,
Babbles my baby again up to me.

Treasure them, brood o'er them—oh, how dear to you,
Will those small memories in after-years prove,
Should it be God's will those eyes that so knew you,
You in this life below no more can love.
Then shall the sight of these be a spell raising
Up to your gaze again, dim through your tears,
That little lost form to gladden your gazing,
Bidding that small tongue again bless your ears.

Ah! if in years to come—oh! God forbid it—
We must with trembling and tears tell his name,
Fear his grown face, and half wish God had hid it
Cold in the coffin before it knew shame,
These shall be balm to the sorrows that wring you,
Over these, tears, not all sad, you shall rain,
These his dear baby-face sinless shall bring you,
That you may love him all spotless again.

Far be such thoughts from us; none such we're fearing,
Ever, dear, for him, our darling, our joy;
God will his mother's prayers always be hearing,
Hearing his father's prayers, prayed for our boy.
But, oh, dear wife of mine, these shoes, we'll keep them;
Grown-up, he'll laugh at what he used to use;
Tears but of pride and joy only shall steep them,
When, a man, with us he sees his first shoes.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

The Kamzan.

There was once a mohel* who was very avaricious. He had inherited some money, and his sole pleasure was to augment his wealth, and count his gold and silver coin. In his own opinion, he was a religious man, too, for he observed all the ceremonies prescribed by the law, and believed himself especially pleasing to God in performing the office of mohel, without taking any remuneration from the poor. His love of money increased with age, and he would sit for many hours before his coffer, gazing at his heaps of gold, riveted to the metal by a singular fascination, while he felt acute pain, whenever he was obliged to part even with a farthing. People observing how difficult it was to get any money from him, called him the kamzan (the tongs), because, like a pair of tongs, he kept fast hold of what he grasped.

One day, a stranger came and asked him to perform the office of mohel to a son that had been born to him. As the carriage and horses of the stranger indicated him as a man not only well off, but wealthy, the mohel had a special pleasure in accepting the invitation, thus at the same time serving God and himself. They drove on until dusk, when the stranger, suddenly turning into a wild country, hurried madly on over the trackless heath. In vain the mohel cried "Stop!" and entreated the stranger to set him down; the more he cried and entreated, the more furiously the stranger whipped his horses, so that the mohel at last was more dead than alive, and completely unable to pay any attention to the direction in which he was carried. Suddenly, the carriage stopped at the gate of a park leading to a mansion, the beauty and illumination of which formed a singular contrast to the surrounding desolate landscape.

The mohel was led to the chamber of the mother and infant, and when he for a moment was left alone with her, she said: "For God's sake—do not eat or drink anything here, nor accept any gift; my husband is a spirit, and all here are spirits except me." Her husband now returned, and they talked of other matters.

Next morning, when the ceremony was to be performed, a large and merry party gathered round a plentiful breakfast table. The mohel was led to the seat of honor, and the most delicate of the dishes were offered him; but under the pretext that he always fasted on such a day, he declined to eat, although it cost him great pain, accustomed as he was to satisfy his appetite at other people's tables.—His pain was very much prolonged, for the party procrastinated their breakfast to a late hour, during which the host never seemed to resign the hope of seeing his guest, the mohel, break his fast.

At length the religious ceremony was proceeded with; and when performed to general satisfaction, the host took the mohel aside, and said to him: "I am very much indebted to you for the great service you have shown me, and I beg you will accept a little token of my gratitude." Whilst so speaking he opened a door leading into a large room, the walls of which were silver, and where immense piles of silver coin reached from the floor to the ceiling.

"Please, take as much as you like," said the host.

The mohel had involuntarily stretched out both hands towards the glittering, tempting piles, but remembering what the mother had said, he as quickly let them drop, and said:

"You owe me nothing."

"I beg your pardon for having offered you a gift unworthy your acceptance," said the host, opening the door into another room, the walls of which were of gold, whilst piles of gold coin reached from the floor to the ceiling. His head turned in the enchanted atmosphere, and it was only with the greatest effort that he could repeat to himself the caution given him by the mother. He faintly uttered:

"You owe me nothing; pray let me get away."

"Oh, I see," said his host, "you spurn anything like payment, and again I ask your pardon. This, perhaps, will be more to your taste."

So saying he opened the door of a third room, where precious stones in large heaps, fancifully arranged, received the visitor with a sudden tempting sparkle—like an awakening maiden's eyes—with a promise of that unspeakable pleasure of which the mohel had only faintly dreamed when in rapture at his own coffer. But on his passage through the silver and gold rooms, he was, so to speak, broken in, and it cost him comparatively little effort to shake off the spell, and to repeat:

"You owe me nothing; only let me get home."

"Well, then, this way, if you please," said the host, leading him through an empty room, where only a number of keys were seen hanging on the walls. Instinctively the mohel felt attracted by these keys, and looked at them, until suddenly, to his amazement, he fancied he recognized the key of his own coffer. He turned to his host, who, smiling, said: "Yes, mohel, it is the key of thy coffer."

The mohel became pale as death, and said—

"How does it come here?"

"Why, mohel," said his host, "this is easily explained. Thou art at present among spirits, servants of the Lord. When a man orders a coffer, there are always two keys made: one is the man's, the other is God's. If God's key is not made use of, He delivers it over to us, and then the man is not himself, master of his money, nor of his coffer. He can put in, but cannot take out; and at last his own soul is locked up therein. Mind this; and since thou hast gone through thy trial here, take God's key with you, and try to make use of it, that thou mayst thyself be master of thy money."

The Bird that Sang to a Bridegroom.

A strong, strange happiness is imparted to the young and pure. The soul, the divine spark, feels itself at home in the body, created in God's image, and as long as the brain and the blood remain unsullied by sinful thoughts or deeds, cannot conceive the idea of parting from it; hence, youth often believes itself immortal, and although not confiding this belief to any one—because the children of Adam and Eve are never able to trust in it entirely—hugs it in its bosom as a sweet, charming secret.

A youth in the bright East, cherishing this enthusiastic idea, was about to be married, and although loving his bride, felt sad at the thought that he must give up a costly privilege.

"I can understand," said he to himself, "that so long as we conquer the passions, even the nobler passions of our race, we are immortal, but that on descending to the usual level, and indulging in the enjoyments common to mortals, we cease to be immortal as individuals, and but contribute to the immortality of our kind."

On the nuptial day, this sadness came over him with more power than ever, and as soon as the ceremony was over, leaving his bride and the bridal party, he went to a wood near his garden, and in fervent prayer thus addressed himself to God: "Oh, God, before I leave Paradise, and take my wife to my heart, let me be favored with but one glimpse, or one sound from eternity. Almighty God! Thou who quenchest the thirst of the beast, send, I beseech Thee, a drop from Heaven to refresh my burning soul, even at the risk of my needing it when I come to dwell with Thee."

Hark! a bird begins to sing so sweetly, in such charming, enrapturing strains as were never heard before. The sound descends into the bridegroom's heart, exalting, calming, lulling, satisfying; he is lifted up, as on the strong arm of the mountain-ascending sea breeze; he is caressed as, when a child, at the bosom of his mother; he is refreshed as, is the wanderer in the desert, at the newly found spring; nay, he is happy beyond all this, every drop of his blood sharing the ineffably sweet emotion, every nerve and fibre vibrating as the chords of an Æolian harp moved by the breath of angels.

The bird flies away, and the bridegroom returns to his house. On approaching, he is surprised at seeing no light, and hearing no sound from the merry party he had just left, and fancying it a trick played on him by his friends, he knocks gently at the window of his bride's room. Receiving no answer, he knocks louder and still louder, till the window opens, and the voice of a stranger is heard, saying: "Who is there?"

"I am! Let me in to my bride!"

"There is no bride in this house, stranger: be good enough to leave us undisturbed."

He now sees that it is not his house; and puzzled and alarmed at his mistake, he wanders about in search of it during the whole night; but failing, bewildered, and in despair he goes to the synagogue at dawn, and seeing none but strangers, and moved to tears, he cries aloud the names of his father and of his father-in-law. No one answers, but presently a tottering aged man advances, asking in a faint voice: "What is it that calls the names of the friends of my youth?"

"It is I! Do you not know me? I was married yesterday? Where is my bride? Where are my parents, my friends, my home?"

"The name of your bride?" asks the old man, and on hearing the answer, he exclaims: "Oh, are you the bridegroom who so mysteriously disappeared forty years ago?"

"Forty years ago!" exclaimed the bridegroom—"impossible! impossible! you are mocking me. In the name of Almighty God, I beseech you, tell me where is my bride?"

The old man, taking his hand, and leading him to the "good place" (the cemetery), shows him the graves of his father and mother, and also that of his bride, with an inscription alluding to the mysterious disappearance of her bridegroom.

He sat down upon the mouldering tombstone, half covered with bleak grass, and wept bitterly, when the angel of death gently approaching him said:—"Thou didst extend thy wishes beyond the pale assigned to mankind. Misled by an egotistical pride and curiosity, concealed beneath the noble aspirations, thou wouldst separate love from holiness, thus making thyself unfitted for a holy marriage. But Almighty God, in His mercy, has willed that thy suffering and atonement shall be short, and has sent me, brother, to lead thee home."

David's Death.

On David, the son of Jesse, our poet-king, a great favor was bestowed. He prayed Almighty God to let him know beforehand when he was to die; but God said: "Such knowledge is denied to mortals, for their own benefit, and I will only tell thee that thou art to die on a Sabbath."

"Oh, Lord," said David, "I would prefer the first day of the week, that my agony may not interrupt Thy holy day."

"David, my servant," answered the Lord, "show thyself a man, and worthy of the grace thou hast obtained. Do not ask for a day more, nor cling to life with common fear, but let the angel of death meet thee, as if thou wert on a battle-field fighting in my cause."

From that time, David on every Sabbath kept assiduously reading the holy book, knowing that the angel of death would not dare to close his eyes when they were fixed on God's words. For no mortal can escape the fear of death; his soul feels terror at the great change, even if it knows that it only returns to God.

But David's time was come, it was the fatal Sabbath, a Sabbath in spring. As usual, he was reading the Holy Word, and the angel of death, lurking behind him, was unable to execute its task.

Suddenly Bathsheba, his beloved wife, entered the room with some of his favorite flowers, and whilst David with delight looked up at Bathsheba, and inhaled the fragrance of the flowers, the angel of death touched his heart. May all good sons of Israel die as sweetly!

The Witnesses.

Chaijim Eliezer had a daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who once, on taking a walk at some distance from her father's tent, fell into a cistern. Having called for assistance for hours in vain, not even an echo answering her, she gave up all hope, and prayed to God only for a gentle death and for blessings on her father, when a stranger, the young Nathanael, happening to pass, by the sound of his steps awoke her hope afresh. On hearing her cries, and looking down and seeing in the cistern the beautiful girl, Nathanael was quite dazzled, and at the first moment did not know whether he should think her an angel revealing itself to him, or a demon trying to ensnare him; but a few words from Rebecca soon dispelled the shadowy creations of his fancy, and vigorously setting himself to work, he after a while brought her up in safety. Her warm thanks and blessings he declined to accept, answering her with a passionate, admiring glance: "I am thankful to Heaven, that has graciously vouchsafed to me the privilege of beholding you, and assisting you in your need, by performing a service anybody could have done. I am only the instrument of the power above, that loves you, and I feel that from this day my fate is sealed; I shall only live for you, my future life shall be devoted to you." The setting sun, the setting eastern sun—shone upon them, and in its rays the gratitude that filled Rebecca's heart quickly ripened into love. They were yet on the brink of the cistern, when they had exchanged vows of eternal love and fidelity; and Nathanael, after telling her that he must go home to his parents, but would return to her as soon as possible, added: "I betroth myself to thee; and as no human being is present to bear me witness, I call as witness this cistern and that beautiful little weasel, which at this moment is slipping down its sides."

They parted; but Nathanael, on returning home and seeing another handsome woman, became her husband, and forgot his promise to Rebecca. He had one child, a girl, which, when only six months' old, was bitten on the throat by a weasel, and died. He then had another child, a boy; but before his second year he fell into a cistern and perished. The mother, when her second babe was lying dead in the tent, said to her husband: "This is very strange, Nathanael, and my heart tells me that one of us must have offended God, either knowingly or unknowingly. Listen to me, my husband, and I will confess to thee all my thoughts, feelings and actions, as far as I remember them, that thou mayst judge me, and tell me what atonement to make."

"No," cried Nathanael, casting himself to the ground, "I am the transgressor, the offender of God and man: the weasel that has bitten our girl, and the cistern that has swallowed our boy, were once witnesses of my oath, and they have become the avengers of my perjury."

He then confessed all to his wife; and she said—

"I see, Nathanael, that although before man I have been thy lawful wife, I have not been so before God. You must divorce—repudiate me, and go and atone for thy sin."

Meanwhile Rebecca sat in her father's tent, and old Chaijim Eliezer often begged her to accept one of her numerous suitors, and to gladden his old eyes by the sight of her nuptials; but she always replied that her faith was pledged to the man who had saved her life, and who, under God's heaven, in the presence of the weasel and the cistern, had betrothed himself to her. Thus she waited patiently, although years went on and began to tell her that youth was departing.

She was seated, one day, with her father in his tent. It was near sunset, thus adding another day of disappointment to the many that had gone before, when the footstep of a stranger were heard, and Nathanael appeared at the opening of the tent.

"Blessed be God!" said Chaijim Eliezer, "I shall live to see my daughter a bride."

Rebecca, without a word, had thrown herself into Nathanael's arms, and then looking up into his eyes, and perceiving a shade of sadness or dissatisfaction, which she ascribed to the change years had wrought on her, she, weeping silently, hid her face on his bosom.

But gently lifting her head, he told her the whole story of his life since they had parted.

Rebecca, then taking in silence the hand of her lover, and leading him to the cistern whence he had rescued her, said—

"Heaven, that witnessed Nathanael's promise to me, hearken and bear witness before God and man, that I give back Nathanael his word, and release him from his oath, so that his marriage is lawful. Weasel and cistern, be friendly to him and to the children which Almighty God will bestow upon him in the future."

The Drunkard and his Sons.

There lived once at Damascus a Jew with his four sons, whom he very much distressed by his drunken habits. Not daring to scold him, but being at the same time afraid that he should waste all their property, they concocted a scheme for his conversion. The next time he became insensible from drink, they carried him out of the town to the cemetery, and left him there among the graves, so that on awakening he might feel frightened, and begin to reflect on the disgrace and danger to which he exposed himself and his family.

The same night, towards dawn, a caravan approached the town, and as there happened to be at the time a great noise at the gate, the merchants, fearing to be attacked and robbed by the inhabitants, resolved to hide their wares, parts of which were skins of wine, in the cemetery.

The man, whom his sons had brought thither, on awakening found himself surrounded by wine-skins, and at once opening one, he began to drink, and drank with a joyful heart, paying little or no attention to his surroundings, so that before long he was as drunk as he ever had been before.

His four sons on returning to him, and finding him in this position, said: "Surely, if the wine comes to him even in such a place, it is the will of Heaven that we shall leave him undisturbed; and in order not to commit sin again, and behave as Ham, we, each of us, will work alternately for one week in the month, to earn as much wine as our father will drink."

* One who performs the ceremony prescribed in Genesis, chapter xvii. verse 13.

DIRGE.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

Softly!
Tread the floor
Of the cot by the hill—
Softly!
Shut the door
From sound of the mill.
Sadly!
Hear the vesper
As twilight hours are sped—
Gently!
Speak in whisper
As you stand by the bed.
Meekly!
Bend in prayer
Down by the soldier's side—
Gently!
Speak words there
To calm the youthful bride.
"Brightly!"
Says the soldier,
"I look o'er the river's tide"—
Brightly!
Did he murmur,
"Once more she'll be my bride."
"Quickly!
I am dying!"
The dying soldier said—
Quickly!
To him hieing,
She found life fled.

—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Marriage Reasons.—In a case which lately came within our knowledge, a highly respectable woman, who was to be married the following day to a carpenter, with whom she had "kept company" for some time, excused her marriage in this way:—"Why, ma'am, really then I don't see how I could help it; be ha' been a courtin' like after me sich a time. 'Taint that I like him so much hisself now, but when ye come to sit opposite a man at 'wittles' three times a day, I kinder think ye must come to love him at last." And another, a trusty and valued servant, coming up to say good-bye to her mistress on her wedding morning, replied, in answer to wishes for her happiness—"Well, ma'am, there's only one thing much agin it that I know on; ye see, I don't so vastly like the man hisself."

TO AUTUMN.

BY KEATS.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowned with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them; thou hast thy music too,
While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

"LA FEMME."

After the French of M. Michelet.

PAR J. KEYSER.

I.—Women an Institution.

"If it were not for women, few of us would at present be in existence." This is the remark of a cautious and discreet writer. He was also sagacious and intelligent.

Woman! Look upon her and admire her. Gaze upon her and love her. If she wishes to embrace you, permit her. Remember she is weak and you are strong.

But don't treat her unkindly. Don't make love to another woman before her face, even if she be your wife. Don't do it. Always be polite even should she fancy somebody better than you.

If your mother, my dear Amadis, had not fancied your father better than somebody, you might have been that somebody's son. Consider this. Always be a philosopher, even about women.

Few men understand women. Frenchmen perhaps better than any one else. I am a Frenchman.

II.—The Infant.

She is a child—a little thing—an infant.

She has a mother and father. Let us suppose, for example, they are married. Let us be moral if we cannot be happy and free. They are married—perhaps—they love one another—who knows?

But she knows nothing of this; she is an infant—a small thing—a trifle!

She is not lovely at first. It is cruel perhaps—but she is red—and positively ugly. She feels this keenly and cries. She weeps. Ah, my God! how she weeps! Her cries and lamentations now are really distressing.

Tears stream from her in floods. She feels deeply and copiously like M. Alphonse de Lamartine in his Confessions.

If you are her mother, madame, you will fancy worms; you will examine her linen for pins and what not. Ah, hypocrite, you, even *you* misunderstand her.

Yet she has charming natural impulses too. See how she tosses her dimpled arms. She looks longingly at her mother. She has language of her own. She says "goo goo," and "ga ga."

She demands something—this infant!

She is faint, poor thing. She famishes. She wishes to be restored. Restore her, mother.

It is the first duty of a mother to restore her child.

III.—The Doll.

She is hardly able to walk; yet she already totters under the weight of a doll.

It is a charming and elegant affair. It has pink cheeks and purple-black hair. She prefers brunettes, for she has already, with the quick knowledge of a French infant, perceived she is a blond and that her doll cannot rival her. *Mon Dieu*, how touching. Happy child. She spends hours in preparing its toilette. She begins to show her taste in the exquisite details of its dress. She loves it madly, devotedly. She prefers it to *bon bons*. She already anticipates the wealth of love she will hereafter pour out on her lover, her mother, her father, and finally perhaps her husband.

This is the time the anxious parent will guide these first outpourings. She will read her extracts from Michelet's L'Amour, Roseau's Heloise, and the Revue des deux Mondes.

She had stolen away from her *bonne* and was with some rustic infants. They had noses in the air, and large coarse hands and feet.

They had seated themselves around a pool in the road, and were fashioning fantastic shapes in the clayey soil with their hands. Her throat swelled and her eyes sparkled with delight as for the first time, her soft palms touch the plastic mud. She made a graceful and lovely pie. She stuffed it with stones for almonds and plums. She forgot everything. It was being baked in the solar ray, when Madame came and took her away.

She weeps. It is night, and she is weeping still.

IV.—Her First Love.

She no longer doubts her beauty. She is loved.

She saw him secretly. He is vivacious and sprightly. He is famous. He has already had an affair with Finfin, the *fille de chambre*, and poor Finfin is desolate. He is noble. She knows he is the son of Madame la Baronne Couturiere. She adores him.

She affects not to notice him. Poor little thing! Hippolyte is distracted—annihilated—inconsolable and charming.

She admires his boots, his cravat, his little gloves, his exquisite pantaloons, his coat, his cane.

She offers to run away with him. He is transported, but magnanimous. He is wearied, perhaps. She sees him the next day offering flowers to the daughter of Madame la Comtesse Blanchisseuse.

She is again in tears.

She reads *Paul et Virginie*. She is secretly transported. When she reads how the exemplary young woman laid down her life rather than appear *en dishabille* to her lover, she weeps again. Tasteful and virtuous Bernardine de St. Pierre! the daughters of France admire you!

All this time her doll is headless in the cabinet. The mud pie is broken on the road.

V.—The Wife.

She is tired of loving, and she marries.

Her mother thinks it, on the whole, the best thing. As the day approaches, she is found frequently in tears. Her mother will not permit the affianced one to see her, and he makes several attempts to commit suicide.

But something happens. Perhaps it is winter, and the water is cold. Perhaps there are not enough people present to witness his heroism.

In this way her future husband is spared to her. The ways of Providence are indeed mysterious.

At this time her mother will comfort her. She will offer philosophy. She will tell her she was married herself.

But what is this new and ravishing delight that breaks upon her? The toilet and wedding clothes! She is in a new sphere.

She makes out a list in her own charming writing. Here it is. Let every mother heed it.*

* * * * *
* * * * *

She is married. On the day after, she meets her old lover, Hippolyte. He is again transported.

VI.—Her Old Age.

A Frenchwoman never grows old.

The End.

* The delicate reader will appreciate the omission of certain articles for which English synonyms are forbidden.
—*Golden Era.*

WELLINGTON'S STRATEGY.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrennese, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner: Doffing his cocked hat and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon rose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself—"Soult is a skillful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed these tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment.

A New Statement of an Old Story.—We find in the Jewish Record, a journal devoted to the interests of American Israelites, and published in New York, a new version of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice." The writer, who is himself a Jew, says the plot of the play is founded on fact, with this important difference, that it was the *Jew* who was to forfeit the pound of flesh if he lost the wager. The circumstance took place not at Venice, but in Rome, during the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth. The Jew lost, the nobleman demanded his pound of flesh, the Jew demurred and offered money, which was refused. Sixtus, to whom the matter was at last submitted, decided in favor of the noble, with the proviso that he should cut exactly one pound of flesh—not one grain more or less on pain of being hanged. The noble naturally declining this risk, the Pope fined both parties in very heavy sums for making such a wager. Thus old Shylock's memory is vindicated at last! We fear, however, notwithstanding "the truth of history," that Shakspeare's will continue to be the popular version of the story.

☞ Mrs. Partington says that Ike has got a horse so spirituous that it always goes off in a decanter.

BE PATIENT.

"And ye now, therefore, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

Cometh sunshine after rain;
After mourning, joy again;
After heavy, bitter grief,
Draweth surely sweet relief;
And my soul, who from her height
Sunk to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He whom this world dare not face,
Hath refreshed me with his grace,
And his mighty hand unbound
Chains of hell about me wound.
Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
Since his mercy, like a flood,
Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
Satan blinded me with lies;
Yet, at last, I am set free;
Help, protection, love, to me
Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was life a helpless prey,
Ne'er was [illegible] came was turned away
He who gave himself to God,
And on him had cast a load;
Who in God his hope hath placed,
Shall not life in vain outwaste;
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfill
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As God willeth, march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we ask is ours.

When my heart was vexed with care,
Filled with fear, well-nigh despair;
When with watching many a night
On me fell pale sickness' blight;
When my courage failed me fast,
Comest thou, my God, at last,
And my woes were quickly past.

Now, as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from thee
Shine through all my memory.
To my God I yet will cling,
All my life the praises sing
That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on, I'll take
Calmly, gladly, for his sake;
No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave
With my heart still glad and brave.
Whom the Strongest doth defend,
Whom the Highest counts his friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"MRS. DUFF'S BILL."

Peal! peal! peal! came the sound of the night-bell at Jan's window as he lay in bed. For Jan had caused the night-bell to be hung there since he was factotum.

"Where's the good of waking up the house?" remarked Jan: and he made the alteration.

Jan got up with the first sound, and put his head out at the window. Upon which, Hook—for he was the applicant—advanced. Jan's window being, as you may remember, nearly on a level with the ground, presented favorable auspices for holding a face to face colloquy with night visitors.

"She's mortal bad, sir," was Hook's salutation.

"Who is?" asked Jan. "Alice, or the missis?"

"Not the missis, sir. The other. But I shouldn't ha' liked to trouble you, if you hadn't ordered me."

"I won't be two minutes," said Jan.

It seemed to Hook that Jan was only one, so speedily did he come out. A belief was popular at Deerham that Mr. Jan slept with his clothes on: no sooner would a night summons be delivered to Jan, than Jan was out with the summoner, ready for the start. Before he had closed the surgery door, through which he had to pass, there came another peal, and a woman ran up to him. Jan recognized her for the cook of a wealthy lady in the Belvedere Road, a Mrs. Ellis.

"Law, sir! what a provident mercy that you are up and ready!" exclaimed she. "My mistress is attacked again."

"Well, you know what to do," returned Jan. "You don't want me."

"But she do want you, sir. I have got orders not to go back without you."

"I suppose she has been eating cucumber again," remarked Jan.

"Only a bit of it, sir. About the half of a small one she took for her supper. And now the spasms is on her dreadful."

"Of course they are," replied Jan. "She knows how cucumber serves her. Well, I can't come. I'll send Mr. Cheese, if you like. But he can do no more good than you can. Give her the drops and get the hot flannels; that's all."

"You are going out, sir!" cried the woman, in a tone that sounded as if she would like to be impertinent. "*You* are come for him, I suppose?" turning a sharp tongue upon Hook.

"Yes, I be," humbly replied Hook. "Poor Ally—"

The woman set up a scream. "You'd attend *her*, that miserable castaway, afore you'd attend my mistress!" burst out she to Jan. "Who's Ally Hook, by the side of folks of standing?"

"If she wants attendance, she must have it," was the composed return of Jan. "She has got a body and a soul to be saved, as other folks have. She is in danger; your mistress is not."

"Danger! what has that got to do with it?" angrily answered the woman. "You'll never get paid there, sir."

"I don't expect it," returned Jan. "If you'd like Cheese, that's his window," pointing to one in the house. "Throw a handful of gravel up, and tell him I said he was to attend."

Jan walked off with Hook. He heard a crash of gravel behind him; so, concluded the cook was flinging at Mr. Cheese's window in a temper. As she certainly was: giving Mr. Jan some hard words in the process. As Lady Verner had never been able to inculcate suavity on Jan, so Dr. West had found it a hopeless task to endeavor to make Jan understand that, in medical care, the rich should be considered before the poor. Take, for example, that *bete noire* of Deerham just now, Alice Hook, and put her by the side of a born duchess, Jan would have gone to the one who had most need of him, without reference to who they were or what they were. Evidently there was little hope for Jan.

Jan, with his long legs, outstripped the stooping and hard worked laboring man. In at the door and up the stairs went he, into the sleeping room.

Did you ever pay a visit to a room of this social grade? If not, you will deem the introduction of this one highly colored. Had Jan been a head and shoulders shorter he might have been able to stand up in the lean-to attic, without touching the lath and plaster of the roof. On a low bedstead, on a flock mattress, lay the mother and two children, about eight and ten. How they made room for Hook also, was a puzzle. Opposite to it, on a straw mattress, slept three sons, grown up, or nearly so; between these beds was another straw mattress where lay Alice, and her sister, a year younger: no curtains, no screens, no anything. All were asleep, with the exception of the mother and Alice: the former could not rise from her bed; Alice appeared too ill to rise from hers. Jan stooped his head, and entered.

A few minutes, and he set himself to arouse the sleepers. They might make themselves comfortable in the kitchen, he told them, for the rest of the night: he wanted room in the place to turn himself round, and they must go out of it. And so he bundled them out. Jan was not given to stand upon ceremony. But it is not a pleasant room to linger in, so we will leave Jan to it.

It was pleasanter at Lady Verner's. Enough of air, and light, and accommodation there. But even in that desirable residence it was not all *couleur de rose*. Vexations intrude into the most luxurious home, whatever may be the superfluity of room, the admirable style of the architecture: and they were just now agitating Deerham Court.

On the morning which rose on the above night—as lovely a morning as ever September gave us—Lady Verner and Lucy Tempest received each a letter from India. Both were from Colonel Tempest. The contents of Lady Verner's annoyed her, and the contents of Lucy's annoyed *her*.

It appeared that some considerable time back; nearly, if not quite, twelve months, Lucy had privately written to Colonel Tempest, urgently requesting to be allowed to go out to join him. She gave no reason or motive for the request, but urged it strongly. The letter, in consequence of the moving about of Colonel Tempest, had only just reached him: and now had arrived the answer to it. He told Lucy that he should very shortly be returning to Europe: therefore it was useless for her to think of going out.

So far, so good. However Lucy might have been vexed or disappointed at the reply—and she was both; still more at the delay which had taken place—there the matter would have ended. But Colonel Tempest, having no idea that Lady Verner was a stranger to this request; inferring on the contrary, that she was a party to it, and must, therefore, be growing tired of her charge, had also written to her an elaborate apology for leaving Lucy so long upon her hands, and for being unable to comply with her wish to be relieved of her. This enlightened Lady Verner as to what Lucy had done.

She was very angry. She was worse than angry; she was mortified. And she questioned Lucy a great deal more closely than that young lady liked, as to what her motive could have been, and why she was tired of Deerham Court.

Lucy, all self-conscious of the motive by which she had been really actuated, stood before her like a culprit.

"I am not tired of Deerham Court, Lady Verner. But I wished to be with papa."

"Which is equivalent to saying that you wish to be away from me," retorted my lady. "I ask you why?"

"Indeed, Lady Verner, I am pleased to be with you; I like to be with you. It was not to be away from you that I wrote. It is a long while since I saw papa: so long that I seem to have forgotten what he is like."

"Can you assure me, in all open truth, that the wish to be with Colonel Tempest was your sole reason for writing, unbiassed by any private feeling touching Deerham?" returned Lady Verner, searching her face keenly. "I charge you answer me, Lucy."

Lucy could not answer that it was her sole reason, unless she had answered an untruth. Her eyes fell under the gaze bent upon her.

"I see," said Lady Verner. "You need not equivocate more. Is it to me that you have taken a dislike? or to any part of my arrangements?"

"Believe me, dear Lady Verner, that it is neither to you nor to your home," she answered, the tears rising to her eyes. "Believe me, I am as happy here as I ever was: on that score I have no wish to change."

It was an unlucky admission of Lucy's, "on that score." Of course, Lady Verner immediately pressed to know on what other score the wish might be founded. Lucy pleaded the desire to be with her father, which Lady Verner did not believe; and she pleaded nothing else. It was not satisfactory to my lady, and she kept Lucy the whole of the morning, harping upon the sore point.

Lionel entered, and interrupted the discussion. Lady Verner put him in possession of the facts. That for some cause which Lucy refused to explain, she wanted to leave Deerham Court, had been writing, twelve months back, to Colonel Tempest to be allowed to join him in India; and the negative answer had arrived but that morning. Lady Verner would like the motive for her request explained; but Lucy was obstinate, and would not explain it.

Lionel turned his eyes on Lucy. If she had stood self-conscious before Lady Verner, she stood doubly self-conscious now. Her eyelashes were drooping, her cheeks were crimson.

"She says she has no fault to find with me, no fault to find with the arrangements of my home," pursued Lady Verner. "Then I want to know what else it is that should drive her away from Deerham. Look, at her, Lionel! That is how she stands; unable to give me an answer."

Lady Verner might equally well have said, Look at Lionel. *He* stood self-conscious also. Too well he knew the motive—absence from him—which had actuated Lucy. From him, the married man, the man who had played her false; away, anywhere, from witnessing the daily happiness of him and his wife. He read it all, and Lucy saw that he did.

"It were no such strange wish, surely, to be where my dear papa is!" she exclaimed, the crimson of her cheeks turning to scarlet.

"No," murmured Lionel, "no such strange wish. I wish *I* could go to India, and free the neighborhood of my presence!"

A curious wish! Lady Verner did not understand it. Lionel gave her no opportunity to inquire its meaning, for he turned to quit the room and the house. She rose and laid her hand upon his arm to detain him.

"I have an engagement," pleaded Lionel.

"A moment yet. Lionel, what is this nonsense that is disturbing the equanimity of Deerham? About a ghost?"

"Ah, what indeed?" returned Lionel, in a careless tone, as if he would make light of it. "You know what Deerham is, mother. Some think Dan Duff saw his own shadow, some a white cow in the pound. Either is sufficient marvel for Deerham."

"So vulgar a notion!" reiterated Lady Verner, resuming her seat, and taking her essence bottle in her delicately gloved hands. "I wonder you don't stop it, Lionel."

"I!" cried Lionel, opening his eyes in considerable surprise. "How am I to stop it?"

"You are the lord of Deerham. It is vulgar, I say, to have such a report afloat on your estate."

Lionel smiled.

"I don't know how you are to put away vulgarity from stargazers and villagers.—Or ghosts, either—if they once get ghosts in their heads."

He finally left the court, and turned towards home. His mother's words about the ghost had brought the subject to his mind. If, indeed, it had required bringing; but the whispered communication of the vicar the previous night had scarcely been out of his thoughts since. It troubled him. In spite of himself, of his good sense and reason, there was an undercurrent of uneasiness at work within him. Why should there be? Lionel could not have explained had he been required to do it. That Frederick Massingbird was dead and buried, there could be no shade of doubt; and ghosts had no place in the creed of Lionel Verner. All true; but the consciousness of uneasiness was there, and he could not ignore it.

In the last few days, the old feeling touching Lucy had been revived with unpleasant force. Since that night which she had spent at his house, when they saw, or fancied they saw, a man hiding himself under the tree, he had thought of her more than was agreeable; more than was right, he would have said, but that he saw not how to avoid it. The little episode of this morning at his mother's house had served to open his eyes most completely; to show him how intense was his love for Lucy Tempest. It must be confessed that his wife did little towards striving to retain his love.

He went along, thinking of these things; he would have put them from him; but he could not. The more he tried, the more unpleasantly vivid they became.

"Tush!" said Lionel. "I must be getting nervous! I'll ask Jan to give me a draught."

He was passing Dr. West's as he spoke, and he turned into the surgery. Sitting on the bung of a large stone jar was Master Cheese, his attitude a disconsolate one, his expression of countenance rebellious.

"Is Mr. Jan at home?" asked Lionel.

"No, he's not at home, sir," replied Master Cheese, as if the fact were some personal grievance of his own. "Here's all the patients, all the making up of the physic left in my charge, and I'd like to know how I am to do it? I can't go out fifty ways at a time!"

"And so you expedite the matter by not going to one! Where is Mr. Jan?"

"He was fetched out in the night to that beautiful Ally Hook," grumbled Master Cheese. "It's a shame, sir, folks are saying, for him to give his time to *her*. I had to leave my warm bed and march out to that fanciful Mother Ellis through it, who's always getting the spasms. And I had about forty poor here this morning, and couldn't get a bit of comfortable breakfast for 'em. Miss Debb, she never kept my bacon warm, or anything; and somebody had eaten the meat out of the veal pie when I got back. Jan *will* have those horrid poor twice a week, and if I speak against it, he tells me to hold my tongue."

"But is Mr. Jan not back yet from Hook's?"

"No, sir, he's not," was the resentful response. "He has never come back at all since he went, and that was at four o'clock this morning. If he had gone to cut off all the arms in the house he couldn't have been longer! And I wish him joy of it! He'll get no breakfast. They have got nothing for themselves but bread and water."

Lionel left his draught an open question, and departed. As he turned into the principal street again, he saw Master Dan Duff at the door of his mother's shop. A hasty impulse prompted Lionel to question the boy of what he saw that unlucky night; or believed he saw. He crossed over; but Master Dan retreated inside the shop. Lionel followed him.

"Well, Dan! Have you overcome the fright of the cow yet?"

"'Twarn't a cow, please, sir," replied Dan, timidly. "'Twere a ghost."

"Whose ghost?" returned Lionel.

Dan hesitated. He stood first on one leg, then on the other.

"Please, sir,' twarn't Rachel's," said he presently.

"Whose then?" repeated Lionel.

"Please, sir, mother said I warn't to tell you. Roy, he said, if I told it to anybody, I should be took and hunged."

"But I say that you are to tell me," said Lionel. And his pleasant tone, combined with the fact perhaps that he was Mr. Verner, effected more with Dan Duff than his mother's sharp tone or Roy's threatening one.

"Please, sir," glancing round to make sure that his mother was not within hearing, "'twere Mr. Fred Massingbird's. They can't talk me out on't, sir. I see'd the porkypine as plain as I see'd him. He were—"

Dan brought his information to a summary stand-still. Bustling down the stairs was that revered mother. She came in, curtseying fifty times to Lionel. "What could she have the honor of serving him with?" He was leaning over the counter, and she concluded he had come to patronize the shop.

Lionel laughed.

"I am a profitless customer, I believe, Mrs. Duff. I was only talking to Dan."

Dan sidled off to the street door. Once there he took to his heels, out of harm's way. Mr. Verner might get telling his mother more particulars, and it was as well to be at a safe distance.

Lionel, however, had no intention to betray trust. He stood chatting a few minutes with Mrs. Duff. He and Mrs. Duff had been great friends when he was an Eton boy: many a time had he ransacked her shop over for flies and gut and other fishing tackle, a supply of which Mrs. Duff professed to keep.—She listened to him with a somewhat preoccupied manner: in point of fact, she was debating a question with herself.

"Sir," said she, rubbing her hands nervously one over the other, "I should like to make bold to ask a favor of you. But I don't know how it might be took. I'm fearful it might be took as a cause of offence."

"Not by me. What is it?"

"It's a delicate thing, sir, to have to ask about," resumed she. "And I shouldn't venture, sir, to speak to *you*, but that I'm so put to it, and that I've got it in my head it's through the fault of the servants."

She spoke with evident reluctance. Lionel, he scarcely knew why, leaped to the conclusion that she was about to say something regarding the subject then agitating Deerham—the ghost of Frederick Massingbird. Unconsciously to himself, the pleasant manner changed to one of constraint.

"Say what you have to say, Mrs. Duff."

"Well, sir—but I'm sure I beg a hundred thousand pardings for mentioning of it—it's about the bill," she answered, lowering her voice. "If I could be paid, sir, it 'ud be the greatest help to me. I don't know hardly how to keep on."

No revelation, touching the ghost could have given Lionel the surprise imparted by these ambitious words. But his constraint was gone.

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Duff. What bill?"

"The bill what's owing to me, sir, from Verner's Pride. It's a large sum for me, sir—thirty-two pound odd. I have to keep up my payments for my goods, sir, whether or not, or I should be a bankrupt to-morrow. Things is hard upon me just now, sir; though I don't want everybody to know it. There's that big son o' mine, Dick, out o' work. If I could have the bill, or only part of it, it 'ud be like a God-send."

"Who owes you the bill?" asked Lionel.

"It's your good lady, sir, Mrs. Verner."

"*Who?*" echoed Lionel, his accent quite a sharp one.

"Mrs. Verner, sir."

Lionel stood gazing at the woman. He could not take in the information; he believed there must be some mistake.

"It was for things supplied between the time Mrs. Verner came home after your marriage, sir, and when she went to London in the spring. The French Madmizel, sir, came down and ordered some on 'em; and Mrs. Verner herself, sir, ordered others."

Lionel looked around the shop. He did not disbelieve the woman's words, but he was in a maze of astonishment. Perhaps a doubt of the Frenchwoman crossed his mind.

"There's nothing here that Mrs. Verner would wear!" he exclaimed.

"There's many odds and ends of things here, sir, as is useful to a lady's tilette—and you'd be surprised, sir, to find how such things mounts up when they be had continual. But the chief part o' the bill, sir, is for two silk gownds as was had off our traveller. Mrs. Verner, sir, she happened to be here when he called in one day last winter, and she saw his patterns, and she chose two dresses, and said she'd buy 'em of me if I ordered 'em. Which in course I did, sir, and paid for 'em, and sent 'em up. I saw her wear 'em both, sir, after they was made up, and very nice they looked."

Lionel had heard quite enough.

"Where is the bill?" he inquired.

"It have been sent in, sir, long ago. When I found Mrs. Verner didn't pay it afore she went away, I made bold to write and ask her. Miss West, she give me the address in London, and said she wished she could pay me herself. I didn't get a answer, sir, and I made bold to write again, and I never got one then. Twice I have been up to Verner's Pride, sir, since you come home this time, but I can't get to see Mrs. Verner. That French Madmizel's one o' the best I ever see at putting folks off. Sir, it goes again the grain to trouble you; and if I could have got to see Mrs. Verner, I never would have said a word. Perhaps if you'd be so good as to tell her, sir, how hard I'm put to it, she'd send me a little."

"I am sure she will," spoke Lionel. "You shall have your money to-day, Mrs. Duff."

He turned out of the shop, a scarlet spot of emotion on his cheek. Thirty-two pounds owing to poor Mrs. Duff! Was it *thoughtlessness* on Sibylla's part? He strove to beat down the conviction that it was a less excusable error.

But the Verner pride had been wounded to its very core.

CHAPTER XL.

A LIFE HOVERING IN THE BALANCE.

Gathered before a target on the lawn, in their archery costume gleaming with green and gold, was a fair group, shooting their arrows in the air. Far more went into the air than struck the target. They were the visitors of Verner's Pride; and Sibylla, the hostess, was the gayest, the merriest, the fairest among them.

Lionel came on to the terrace, descended the steps, and crossed the lawn to join them; as courtly, as apparently gay, as if that bill of Mrs. Duff's was not making havoc of his heartstrings. They all ran to surround him; it was not often they had so attractive a host to surround; and attractive men are, and always will be, welcome to women. A few minutes, a quarter of an hour given to them, an unruffled smoothness on his brow, a smile upon his lips, and then he contrived to draw his wife aside.

"Oh, Lionel, I forgot to tell you," she exclaimed. "Poynton has been here. He knows of the most charming pair of gray ponies, he says. And they can be ours if secured at once."

"I don't want gray ponies," replied Lionel.

"But I do," cried Sibylla. "You say I am too timid to drive. It is all nonsense; I should soon overget the timidity. I *will* learn to drive, Lionel. Mrs. Jocelyn, come here," she called out.

Mrs. Jocelyn, a young and pretty woman, almost as pretty as Sibylla, answered to the summons.

"Tell Mr. Verner what Poynton said about the ponies."

"Oh, you must not miss the opportunity," cried Mrs. Jocelyn to Lionel. "They are perfectly beautiful, the man said. Very dear, of course; but you know nobody looks at money when buying horses for a lady. Mrs. Verner must have them. You might secure them to-day."

"I have no room in my stables for more horses," said Lionel, smiling at Mrs. Jocelyn's eagerness.

"Yes you have, Lionel," interposed his wife. "Room must be made. I have ordered the ponies to be brought."

"I shall send them back," said Lionel laughing.

"Don't you wish your wife to take to driving, Mr. Verner? Don't you like to see a lady drive? Some don't."

"I think there is no necessity for a lady to drive, while she has a husband at her side to drive for her," was the reply of Lionel.

"Well—if I had such a husband as you to drive for me, I don't know but I might subscribe to that doctrine," candidly avowed Mrs. Jocelyn. "*I* would not miss these ponies, were I Mrs. Verner. They are calling me. It is my turn, I suppose."

She ran back to the shooting. Sibylla was following her, but Lionel caught her hand, and drew her into a covered walk. Placing her hand within his arm, he began to pace it.

"I must go back too, Lionel."

"Presently. Sibylla, I have been terribly vexed this morning."

"Oh, now, Lionel, don't you begin about 'vexing,'" interrupted Sibylla, in the foolish, light, affected manner, which had grown worse of late, more intolerable to Lionel. "I have ordered the ponies. Poynton will send them in; and if there's really not room in the stables, you must see about it, and give orders that room must be made."

"I cannot buy the ponies," he firmly said. "My dear, I have given in to your every wish, to your most trifling whim; but, as I told you a few days ago, these ever recurring, needless expenses I cannot stand. Sibylla"—and his voice grew hoarse—"do you know that I am becoming embarrassed?"

"I don't care if you are," pouted Sibylla. "I must have the ponies."

His heart ached. Was this the loving wife—the intelligent companion for whom he had once yearned?—the friend who should be as his own soul? He had married the Sibylla of his imagination; and he awoke to find Sibylla—what she was. The disappointment was heavy upon him always; but there were moments when he could have cried out aloud in its sharp bitterness.

"Sibylla, you know the state in which some of my tenants live; the miserable dwellings they are forced to inhabit. I must change this state of things. I believe it to be a duty for which I am accountable to God. How am I to set about it if you ruin me?"

Sibylla put her fingers to her ears.

"I can't stand to listen you when you preach, Lionel. It is as bad as a sermon."

It was ever thus. He could not attempt to reason with her. Anything like sensible conversation she could not or would not hold. Lionel, considerate to her as he ever was, felt provoked.

"Do you know that this unfortunate affair of Alice Hook's is laid remotely to me?" he said, a sternness, which he could not help, in his tone. "People are saying that if I gave them decent dwellings, decent conduct would ensue. It is so. God knows that I feel its truth more keenly than my reproachers."

"The dwellings are good enough for the poor."

"Sibylla? You cannot think it. The laws of God and man alike demand a change. Child," he continued, in a softer tone, as he took her hand in his, "let us bring the case home to ourselves. Suppose that you and I had to sleep in a room a few feet square, no chimney, no air, and that others tenanted it with us? Girls and boys growing up; nay, grown up, some of them; men and women as we are, Sibylla. The beds huddled together, no space between them; sickness, fever—"

"I am only shutting my ears," interrupted Sibylla. "You pretend to be so careful of me—you would not even let me go to that masked ball in Paris, and yet put these horrid pictures into my mind! I think you ought to be ashamed of it, Lionel. People sleeping in the same room with us!"

"If the picture be revolting, what must be the reality?" was his rejoinder. "*They* have to endure it."

"They are used to it," retorted Sibylla.—"They are brought up to nothing better."

"Just so. And therefore their perceptions of right and wrong are deadened. The wonder is not that Alice Hook has lost herself, but that—"

"I don't want to hear about Alice Hook," interrupted Sibylla. "She is not very good to talk about."

"I have been openly told, Sibylla, that the reproach should lie at my door."

"I believe it is not the first reproach of the kind that has been cast to you," answered Sibylla, with cutting sarcasm.

He did not know what she meant; or in what sense to take the remark: but his mind was too pre-occupied to linger on it.

"With these things staring me in the face, how can I find money for superfluous vanities? The time has come when I am compelled to make a stand against it. I will, I must have decent dwellings on my estate, and I shall set about the work without a day's loss of time. For that reason, if for no other, I cannot buy the ponies."

"I have bought them," coolly interrupted Sibylla.

"Then, my dear, you must forgive me if I countermand the purchase. I am resolute, Sibylla," he continued, in a firm tone. "For the first time since our marriage I must deny your wish. I cannot let you bring me to beggary, because it would also involve you. Another year or two of this extravagance, and I should be on the verge of it."

Sibylla flung his arm from her. "Do you want to keep me as a beggar? I will have the ponies!"

He shook his head. "The subject is settled, Sibylla. If you cannot think for yourself, I must think for you. But it was not to speak of the ponies that I brought you here. What is it that you owe to Mrs. Duff?"

Sibylla's color heightened. "It is no business of yours, Lionel, what I owe her. There may be some little trifle or other down in her book. It will be time enough for you to concern yourself with my little petty debts when you are asked to pay them."

"Then that time is the present one, with regard to Mrs. Duff. She applied to me for the money this morning. At least, she asked if I would speak to you—which is the same thing. She says you owe her thirty-two pounds. Sibylla, I had far rather been stabbed than have heard it."

"A fearful sum, truly, to be doled out of your coffers!" cried Sibylla sarcastically.—"You'll never recover it, I should think!"

"Not that, not that," was the reply of Lionel, his tone one of pain. "Sibylla! have you *no* sense of the fitness of things? Is it seemly for the mistress of Verner's Pride to keep a poor woman, as Mrs. Duff is, out of her money; a humble shopkeeper who has to pay her way as she goes on?"

"I wish Fred had lived! He would never have taken me to task, as you do."

"I wish he had!" was the retort in Lionel's heart: but he bit his lips to silence, exchanging the words after a few minutes' pause for others.

"You would have found Frederick Massingbird a less indulgent husband to you than I have been," he firmly said. "But these remarks are profitless, and will add to the comfort of neither you nor me. Sibylla, I shall send in your name to pay this bill of Mrs. Duff's. Will you give it me?"

"I daresay Benoite can find it, if you choose to ask her."

"And, my dear, let me beg of you not to contract these paltry debts. There have been others, as you know. I do not like that Mrs. Verner's name should be thus bandied in the village. What you buy in the village pay for at once."

"How can I pay while you stint me?"

"Stint you!" repeated Lionel in amazement. "*Stint* you!"

"It's nothing but stinting—going on at me as you do!" she sullenly answered. "You would like to deprive me of the horses I have set my mind upon! You know you would!"

"The horses you cannot have, Sibylla," he answered, his tone a decisive one. "I have already said it."

It aroused her anger.

"If you don't let me have the horses, and everything else I want, I'll go where I can have them."

What did she mean? Lionel's cheek turned white with the taunt the words might be supposed to imply. He held her two hands in his, pressing them nervously.

"You shall not force me to quarrel with you, Sibylla," he continued with emotion.—"I have almost registered a vow that no offensive word or conduct on your part shall make me forget myself for a moment, or render me other than an ever considerate, tender husband. It may be that our marriage was a mistake for both of us; but we shall do well to make the best of it. It is the only course remaining."

He spoke in a strangely earnest tone: one of deep agitation. Sibylla was aroused. She had believed that Lionel blindly loved her. Otherwise she might have been more careful to retain his love: there's no knowing.

"How do you mean that our marriage was a mistake for both of us?" she hastily cried.

"You do your best to remind me continually that it must be so," was his reply.

"Psha!" returned Sibylla. And Lionel, without another word, quitted her and walked away. In these moments, above all others, would the image of Lucy Tempest rise up before his sight. Beat it down as he would, it was ever present to him. A mistake in his marriage? Ay; none, save Lionel, knew how fatal a one.

He passed on direct to the terrace, avoiding the lawn, traversed it, and went out at the large gates. Thence he made his way to Poynton's, the veterinary surgeon, who also dealt in horses. At least, dealt in them so far as that he would buy and sell when employed to do so.

The man was in his yard, watching a horse go through his paces. He came forward to meet Lionel.

"Mrs. Verner has been talking to you about some ponies, she tells me," began Lionel. "What are they?"

"A very handsome pair, sir. Just the thing for a lady to drive. They are to be sold for a hundred and fifty pounds. It's under their value."

"Spirited?"

"Yes. They have their metal about them. Good horses always have, you know, sir. Mrs. Verner has given me the commission."

"Which I am come to rescind," replied Lionel, calling up a light smile to his face. "I cannot have my wife's neck risked by her attempting to drive spirited ponies, Poynton. She knows nothing of driving, is constitutionally timid, and—in short, I do not wish the order executed."

"Very well, sir," was the man's reply. "There's no harm done. I was at Verner's Pride with that horse that's ill, and Mrs. Verner spoke to me about some ponies. It was only to day I heard these were in the market, and I mentioned them to her. But for all I know, they may be already sold."

Lionel turned to walk out of the yard.

"After Mrs. Verner shall have learnt to drive, then we shall see: perhaps we may buy a pair," he remarked. "My opinion is that she will not learn: after a trial or two she will give it up."

"All right, sir."

Jan was coming up the road from Deerham, as Lionel departed, coming along with his long strides. Lionel advanced leisurely to meet him.

"One would think you were walking for a wager, Jan!"

"Ay," said Jan. "This is my first round to-day. Bitterworths' have sent for me in desperate haste. Folks always get ill at the wrong time."

"Why don't you ride?" asked Lionel, turning with Jan, and stepping out at the same pace.

"There was no time to get the horse ready. I can walk it nearly as fast. I have had no breakfast yet."

"No breakfast!" echoed Lionel.

"I dived into the kitchen and caught up a piece of bread out of the basket. Half my patients must do without me to-day. I have only just got away from Hook's."

"How is the girl?"

"In great danger," replied Jan.

"She is ill, then?"

"So ill that I don't think she'll last the day out. The child's dead. I must cut across the fields back there again, after I have seen what's amiss at Bitterworth's."

The words, touching Alice Hook, caused quite a shock to Lionel. "It will be a sad thing, Jan, if she should die!"

"I don't think I can save her. This comes of the ghost. I wonder how many more folks will get frightened to death."

Lionel paused.

"Was it really that alone that frightened the girl, and caused her illness. How very absurd the thing sounds! And yet serious."

"I can't make it out," remarked Jan. "Here's Bourne now says he saw it. There's only one solution of the riddle that I can come to."

"What's that?" asked Lionel.

"Well," said Jan, "it's not a pleasant one."

"You can tell it me, Jan, pleasant or unpleasant."

"Not pleasant for you, I mean, Lionel. I'll tell you if you like."

Lionel looked at him.

"Speak."

"I think it must be Fred Massingbird himself."

The answer appeared to take Lionel by surprise. Possibly he had not admitted the doubt.

"Fred Massingbird himself! I don't understand you, Jan."

"Fred himself, in life," repeated Jan. "I fancy it will turn out that he did not die in Australia. He may have been very ill perhaps, and they fancied him dead: and now he is well, and has come over."

Every vestige of color forsook Lionel's face.

"Jan!" he uttered, partly in terror, partly in anger. "Jan!" he repeated from between his bloodless lips. "Have you thought of the position in which your hint would place my wife?—the reflection it would cast upon her? How dare you?"

"You told me to speak," was Jan's composed answer. "I said you'd not like it. Speaking of it, or keeping silence, won't make it any the better, Lionel."

"What could possess you to think of such a thing?"

"There's nothing else that I can think of. Look here! *Is* there such a thing as a ghost? Is that probable?"

"Nonsense! No," said Lionel.

"Then what can it be, unless it's Fred himself? Lionel, were I you, I'd look the matter full in the face. It is Fred Massingbird, or it is not. If not, the sooner the mystery is cleared up the better, and the fellow brought to book and punished. It's not to be submitted to that he is to stride about for his own pastime, terrifying people to their injury. Is Alice Hook's life nothing? Were Dan Duff's senses nothing?—and, upon my word, I once thought there was good-by to them."

Lionel did not answer. Jan continued.

"If it is Fred himself the fact can't be long concealed. He'll be sure to make himself known. Why he should not do it at once, I can't imagine. Unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Lionel.

"Well, you are so touchy on all points relating to Sibylla, that one hesitates to speak," continued Jan. "I was going to say unless he fears the shock to Sibylla; and would let her be prepared for it by degrees."

"Jan," gasped Lionel, "it would kill her."

"No it wouldn't," dissented Jan. "She's not one to be killed by emotion of any sort. Or much stirred by it, as I believe, if you care for my opinion. It would not be pleasant for you or for her, but she'd not die of it."

Lionel wiped the moisture from his face. From the moment Jan had first spoken, a conviction seemed to arise within him that the suggestion would turn out to be only too true a one—that the ghost, in point of fact, was Frederick Massingbird in life.

"This is awful!" he muttered. "I would sacrifice my own life to save Sibylla from pain."

"Where'd be the good of that?" asked practical Jan. "If it is Fred Massingbird in the flesh, she's his wife and not yours: your sacrificing yourself—as you call it, Lionel—would not make her any the less or the more so. I am abroad a good deal at night, especially now when there's so much sickness about, and I shall perhaps come across the fellow. Won't I pin him if I get the chance."

"Jan," said Lionel, catching hold of his brother's arm to detain him as he was speeding away, for they had reached the gate of Verner's Pride, "be cautious that not a breath of this suspicion escapes you. For my poor wife's sake."

"No fear," answered Jan. "If it gets about, it won't be from me, mind. I am going to believe in the ghost henceforth, you understand. Except to you and Bourne."

"If it gets about," mechanically answered Lionel, repeating the words which made most impression upon his mind. "You think it will?"

"Think! It's safe to," answered Jan. "Had old Frost, and Dan Duff, and Cheese, not been great gulls, they'd have taken it for Fred himself; not his ghost. Bourne suspects. From a hint he dropped to me just now at Hook's, I find he takes the same view of the case that I do."

"Since when have you suspected this, Jan?"

"Not for many hours. Don't keep me, Lionel. Bitterworth may be dying, for aught I know, and so may Alice Hook."

Jan went on like a steam-engine. Lionel remained, standing at his entrance-gate.

Thought after thought crowded upon him. If it was really Frederick Massingbird in life, how was it that he had not made his appearance before? Where had he been all this while? Considerably more than two years had elapsed since the supposed death. To the best of Lionel's recollection, Sibylla had said Captain Cannonby *buried* her husband: but it was a point into which Lionel had never minutely inquired. Allow that Jan's suggestion was correct—that he did not die—where had he been since? What had prevented him joining or seeking his wife? What prevented him doing it now? From what motive could he be in concealment in the neighborhood, stealthily prowling about at night? Why did he not appear openly? Oh it could not,—it could not be Frederick Massingbird.

Which way should he bend his steps? Indoors, or away? Not indoors! He could scarcely *bear* to see his wife with this dreadful uncertainty upon him. Restless, anxious, perplexed, miserable, Lionel Verner turned towards Deerham.

There are some natures upon whom a secret, awful as this, tells with appalling force, rendering it next to impossible to keep silence. The imparting it to some friend, the speaking of it, appears to be a matter of dire necessity—and so it was in this instance to Lionel Verner.

He was on his way to the vicarage. Jan had mentioned that Mr. Bourne had shared the knowledge—if knowledge it could be called: and he was one in whom might be placed entire trust.

He walked onwards, like one in a fever dream, nodding mechanically in answer to salutations; answering he knew not what if words were spoken to him. The vicarage joined the churchyard, and the vicar was standing in the latter as Lionel came up, watching two men who were digging a grave. He crossed over the mounds to shake hands with Lionel.

Lionel drew him into the vicarage garden, amidst the trees. It was shady there; the outer world shut out from eye and ear.

"I can't beat about the bush; I can't dissemble," began Lionel, in deep agitation. "Tell me your true opinion of this business, for the love of heaven! I have come down to you for it."

The vicar paused. "My dear friend, I feel almost afraid to give it to you."

"I have been speaking with Jan. He thinks it may be Frederick Massingbird—not dead, but alive."

"I fear it is," answered the clergyman. "Within the last half hour I have fully believed that it is."

Lionel leaned his back against a tree, his arms folded. Tolerably calm outwardly: but he could not get the healthy blood back to his face. "Why within the last half hour more than before?" he asked. "Has anything fresh happened?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bourne. "I went down to Hook's: the girl's not expected to live the day through—but that you may have heard from Jan. In coming away, your gamekeeper met me. He stopped, and began asking my advice in a mysterious manner—whether, if a secret affecting his master had come to his knowledge, he ought, or ought not to impart it to his master. I felt sure what the man was driving at—that it could be no other thing than this ghost affair—and gave him a hint to speak out to me in confidence. Which he did."

"Well?" rejoined Lionel.

"He said," continued Mr. Bourne, lowering his voice, "that he passed a man last night, who, he was perfectly certain, was Frederick Massingbird. Not Frederick Massingbird's ghost, as foolish people were fancying, Broom added, but Massingbird himself. He was in doubt whether or not it was his duty to acquaint Mr. Verner; and so he asked me. I bade him not acquaint you," continued the vicar, "but to bury the suspicion within his own breast, breathing a word to none."

Evidence upon evidence! Every moment brought less loop-hole of escape for Lionel to lean upon.

"How can it be?" he gasped. "If he is not dead, where can he have been all this while?"

"I conclude it will turn out to be one of those every-day occurrences that have little marvel at all in them. My thoughts were busy upon it, while standing over the grave yonder. I suppose he must have been to the Diggings. Possibly laid up there from illness, and letters may have miscarried."

"You feel little doubt upon the fact itself—that it is Frederick Massingbird?"

"I feel none. It is certainly he. Won't you come in and sit down?"

"No, no," said Lionel. And, drawing his hand from the vicar's, he went forth again, he and his heavy weight. Frederick Massingbird alive! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEATHS OF THE APOSTLES.

WHICH OF CHRIST'S DISCIPLES SUFFERED MARTYRDOM? WHAT DEATH DID THEY DIE? AND WHAT ARE THEIR EMBLEMS?

There are various accounts. We can only offer that which appears to be the best supported by historic testimony.

Paul	Beheaded	at Rome.
Peter	Crucified	Rome.
Andrew	Bound to a cross till he died	Patras.
James the Less	Thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple, and beaten to death by clubs	Jerusalem.
John	Banished to	Patmos.
Philip	Hanged against a Pillar	Phrygia.
Thomas	Run through the body	Coromandel.
Matthew	By the sword	Ethiopia.
Matthias	First stoned and then beheaded	Colchis.
James the Elder	Beheaded	Jerusalem.
Simon	Supposed to have suffered martyrdom in	Mauritania.
Jude	Shot to death with arrows	Persia.
Bartholomew	Flayed alive	Albania.

The emblems by which the figures of the Apostles may be identified are said to be—

Paul, a sword.
Peter, the keys.
Andrew, a saltier, i. e. a St. Andrew's cross.
James the Less, a fuller's pole.
John, a cup and winged serpent.
Thomas, a lance.
Philip, a staff, the upper end forming a cross.
Matthew, a hatchet.
Matthias, a battle-axe.
James the Elder, a pilgrim's staff and a gourd bottle.
Simon, a saw.
Jude, a club.
Bartholomew, a knife.

The truth of Holy Writ is confirmed by the deaths of the Apostles, as not one of them died by poison, although the administering of poison was at that period so prevalent a crime.—Mark xvi. 18.

Heraclion, who is quoted by Clemens Alexandrinus, maintains that Matthew, Thomas, Philip, and Levi were exempt from martyrdom.

It may be well to observe, that Levi was one of the names given to Judas, to distinguish him from the apostate. He is therefore called Jude, Judas, Levi, Lebbeus, and Thaddeus.

Peter is also known by the names of Simon and of Cephas.

Simon is sometimes spoken of as Simon the Canaanite, and as Simon Zelotes.

Bartholomew is supposed to be the same person who is elsewhere called Nathanael; for St. John never mentions Bartholomew in the list of the Apostles, and the other Evangelists in their lists make no mention of Nathanael.

GOOD FIRES.—Be sure, says the Ohio Farmer, to keep good, bright and cheerful fires during the winter; get the best oil lamps, and spend your long evenings in profitable reading or conversation. Every good father who reads this will omit nothing that he can afford which will add to the comfort and happiness of his family. Don't postpone your life; enjoy it as you go along. If heretofore you have had little enjoyment, now is a good time to commence.

☞ A SPOILED CHILD.—Childe Harold has just been translated into French. Poor Childe!

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

I think it was Lord Brougham who, in the House of Peers, declared he always liked to hear of a desperate prize fight, giving as his reason for so singular a taste, "that he was then sure two blackguards had been well thrashed."

Now, without putting in any plea for the barbarous custom of pugilistic encounters between men trained for the purpose, and who have no moral sense of the thing as an institution intended only as a defensive science, I will relate two incidents, one of which came under my personal observation, and the other, which was related to me by a friend.

I went one evening into a public-house in the vicinity of Whitechapel for the purpose of refreshing myself with a glass of bitter beer; an altercation, or rather a species of what is called "chaff," was going on at the bar between two well-dressed men and a gigantic rough. I had seldom seen so big a man. His proportions were herculean, and his intention in the present instance was evidently a row. A moment's inspection, however, of the parties, satisfied me he was in the wrong, or, if you please, the right hands to quarrel with.

I do not know a single fighting man, nor did I ever see a prize fight, but there was no mistaking the fully-developed, sinewy form, the broad, deep chest, the long arm, and that peculiar cast of physiognomy so characteristic of the professional pugilist, which distinguished the man, who, with his elbow resting on the counter and cigar in hand, regarded with contemptuous indifference the jeering insults of the Titanic costermonger.

"So you won't stand a drop o' gin? Here," (to the landlord) "bring a quartern; he'll pay, or I'll spoil his white coat for him."

There was a quick glance of intelligence from he in the white coat (the man I have described) to his friend, who stood leaning negligently against the wall.

"Not a drop!" said the landlord; "and as you've stood there long enough insulting my customers, I'll thank you to go."

"Not without the gin—and you know I'll have it; so hand over!"

And this was said with an air of coarse and brutal superiority, as if the impost had often been levied with success.

"Now, guv'nor, d'yo hear? hand over the gin. Moses and Son 'll pay; won't you, Moses?"

And he glanced at the white coat of the stranger, who only shook his head in reply.

"Not pay! Ha! ha!" (he laughed savagely) "wait till I get the gin, and somebody 'll have to pay for it! Here, Maria," (to a young girl who at that moment entered the bar—the landlord's daughter, as I afterwards ascertained) "gin! do you hear? a quartern, and quick about it!" and then followed a disgusting allusion to the girl, sufficiently audible for all present to hear.

"A quartern of gin and two glasses!" said the man in the white coat.

"I know'd he'd do it; I know'd he would!" said the ruffian. "He knows what's good and what's bad!"

The spirit was placed upon the counter before the two friends; he of the white coat threw down a shilling.

"What is good, and what is bad?" said the white-coated man.

"Why, gin is good, and a clip under the ear is bad, and I means to have the gin, and this, too," he added, clutching the change; "and the clip under the ear is for you, if you don't like it. I'm Bob Brooks! I'm the bully of Whitechapel, and the best man anywhere!"

And getting more wrathful as his excitement increased under the influence of the spirits he had been drinking, and the defiant quietness of the two strangers, he seized the gin, which was still upon the counter, and would have drank it, but a hand of iron clutched his arm and brought it back to the counter.

"Put down that glass!" said the man in the white coat, and there was a dusky gleam in his eye which I knew denoted mischief. "Put down that glass!"

I was standing behind the costermonger. Instinctively I stepped on one side out of line of the contending parties. It was well I did so, or I must have been crushed by the weight and the velocity with which that mass of humanity came to the floor. No sooner had the ruffian released his hand from the iron grip of the stranger, than, seizing a large metal jug, he, with a horrid imprecation, dashed it at the head of his adversary. The practised eye saw it descending, and swift as lightning the head was averted. I saw the white-sleeved arm shoot out "straight as a bolt." I heard a crashing sound—the giant rolled back and toppled; but ere he fell, another awful blow descended, and, fairly lifting him from his feet, hurled him a bruised, bleeding, and senseless mass upon the floor.

The bar was soon filled with the passing public. Order was, however, restored by the presence of the police. Explanation ensued; the senseless body of the ruffian was placed upon a stretcher, and conveyed to the hospital, where a week's suffering will perhaps do him good.

"Good night, sir," said the two friends to the landlord, after a short conference with the police.

"Good night, gentlemen: but excuse me one word. To whom am I indebted for ridding my house of a terror and the neighborhood of a pest?"

"Oh! you want to know who we are? Well, this is a friend of mine; and I'm 'Johnny Walker!'"

The incident following I will endeavor to relate as near as possible in my friend's own words:

Walking down the New North road one afternoon, my attention was attracted to a crowd of persons assembled in the road. Crossing over, I found it was a street fight; or, rather, that one man was unmercifully beating another, who was evidently no match for his more powerful assailant. The crowd around sympathized with the beaten man, but none there attempted his rescue. The poor fellow was now down, and his savage foe kicked him violently on the head with his heavy boot.

"Fetch the police!" cried some.

"Shame!" screamed a woman.

The man turned savagely in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and would doubtless have inflicted summary and indiscriminate vengeance for this interruption to his sport; a shout, however, caused him to return towards his victim, and there, standing over the bruised and moaning form upon the ground, was a man—aye, every inch a man! He had tossed off his coat and rolled back the sleeves of his shirt—his white skin glistening in the still remaining sun-light—with one foot slightly advanced, his head thrown just sufficiently back to bring the body perfectly erect, one arm across his chest, and the other straight out before him. The man was a picture—yes! and such a picture as the artist and sculptor love to contemplate. He seemed the very perfection of physical force and muscular strength; and his eye, as he awaited the attack of his advancing foe, was a gladiatorial light which might have well become the victor of the Roman arena. I am not going to describe the fight; suffice it, the white skin of my hero was unstained by a blemish, while his antagonist received the thrashing he so richly deserved.

As I walked away, pleased with the termination of the "row," I heard the name, "Tom Sayers," passed from one to another; but whether my man of might was that well-known personage, I really cannot say. This, however, I will say, that I bought a pair of boxing-gloves that night and a couple of stout fencing-sticks, that I have regularly practiced with my friends, and, with an occasional lesson from a professor of the "art," I feel myself better able to defend my sisters as I walk with them through the crowded streets of London. C. L. K.

NEWS ITEMS.

REBEL SOLDIERS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.—Twenty-four Confederate prisoners of war, who have been confined in the military prison in Covington for a week or two past, have taken the oath of allegiance to the U. S. Government, in preference to being sent to Vicksburg for exchange.

THE pernicious practice of straggling heretofore prevalent in the army of the Potomac has been effectually checked by a simple expedient. All stragglers, whether officers or men, have one-half of their head shaved for the first offence; the whole head shaved for the second, and death is the penalty for the third.

THE southern rumor that Gen. Butler had landed at Pensacola with 7,000 men, turns out to be a rebel exaggeration, based on the fact that he left New Orleans, with his staff, for a week's visit to Pensacola and Ship Island. It is hoped that their story of the capture of Mobile may have a better foundation.

AT a recent public meeting at Oldham (England) resolutions were offered calling on the Government to recognize the independence of the rebel states as the only means of ending the civil war. An amendment was offered, declaring recognition impolitic and likely to result in a war with the North. After a warm debate and uproarious proceedings, the original motion was declared carried, although the meeting was about equally divided.

THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.—A Paris letter says: The Japanese Ambassadors, it is said, met with a disappointment at London. Most of the European governments have kept them at the expense of the treasury, and they imagined that it would be the same in Great Britain. They, however, moderated their expenses, and their bill only amounted to the modest sum of 100,000f.—They sent the document to Earl Russell, who replied to them—"I cannot pay it. The English Constitution does not authorize me, and I should require a bill of indemnity from Parliament." They then paid the money like persons who know how to expend when necessary.

IT is stated that the military force in Canada is about to be increased by some batteries of artillery and a brigade of infantry.—Large additions have been recently made to the stores of arms, ammunition and material in military depots, which are now equal to equipping and maintaining in the field a force of 250,000 men.

THE case of Gen. Martindale is stated to have been concluded by an order of the War Department, to the effect that, as the court of inquiry has found the charges against him groundless, he has, at his own request, been relieved from the command of his brigade in Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps, and ordered to report for duty to Gen. Halleck.

AT the present price of cotton duck, a suit of sails for a ship of 1,000 tons would cost not less than $5,500, not including bolt rope, manufacture, etc., reckoning 7,500 yards for the suit, at an average price of 75 cents per yard. For a ship of 1,000 tons No. 3 duck is used, which weighs one pound to the yard, a fact that will give some adequate idea of the amount of cotton used, as well as the weight of a suit of sails.

A DAUGHTER of the rebel Semmes is now at school in Philadelphia, and her mother and two sisters reside in Washington, while the father is roaming the ocean, sinking, burning, and destroying everything that crosses his path bearing the flag of the United States—the flag that covers and protects his family.

THE officers of the Eighty-fourth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers have presented Governor Curtin with the National flag which they bore through three campaigns, under Lander, Shields, and Pope.

IN Alabama the people are making tea of blackberry leaves.

MRS. ELIZA GURNEY, widow of the late Joseph Gurney, the eminent English Friend, and herself an eminent preacher, is now on a visit to this country. On the 27th of last month she had an interview with the President, in which "she assured him, at some length, of the sympathy which Friends on both sides of the Atlantic felt in him, and of the prayers which they offered up on his behalf, and closed her remarks with an earnest appeal to him to trust in Divine power."

A VETERAN.—There is in the hospital at Louisville, Ky., a soldier, named James D. Cameron, whose home is in Illinois. He is seventy years of age, and has been with the Eightieth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers through the entire present campaign. He has been on the sick list, but his health has so far improved as to be able to rejoin his regiment in a few days. This old soldier had *nine* sons in the same regiment, four of whom were killed in the late battle at Chaplin Hills. The other five sons were in the battle, but escaped unhurt, and are now with the gallant Eightieth on the march.

RECTIFYING THE BOUNDARY.

Austria, Russia and Prussia commenced the dismemberment of Poland upon the plea that they needed the territory of that country "to round off their boundaries." A similar spirit has seized a writer in England, who, in a recent number of the New Monthly Magazine, discusses what he calls "the rectification of the boundary of British America."

The writer anticipates a speedy war between Great Britain and the United States, in which, as a matter of course, the former will be victorious. He then sets forth the terms as to boundary between the United States and British America, upon which Great Britain should insist in the new treaty of peace. The Columbia river should form the southern boundary of the British possession on the Pacific.

Canada requires an open seaport for use in winter; therefore the whole state of Maine is to be relinquished to England that they may have Portland. Lake Champlain—we wonder that an English writer would mention that lake—empties into the Saint Lawrence; therefore, the northern portions of Vermont and New York are to be annexed to Canada. And thus the writer runs on through a long essay, in which he seems to labor under the idea that the people of the United States are a kind of western Hindoos, whose territory is to be taken from them with as much ease as if it lay in India or Burmah.

Such speculations are very ridiculous, but they serve as straws to show down which way the wind blows. They would not be admitted into such a periodical as the New Monthly Magazine if it were not known that they would be acceptable to its readers.

THE INTERNAL TAXES.—The value of the United States stocks must greatly increase as capitalists become aware of the operation of the Internal Tax Bill. The financial editor of the New York Tribune says that "the reports thus far of the collectors are astounding, and show an unexpected capacity of the people for taxation." Instead of $150,000,000 a year, the present returns indicate a revenue of $350,000,000, equal to that of Great Britain. We hear of one stock auctioneer in Boston whose tax for the month of October was *twelve hundred dollars*.

If the debt of the United States swells to a thousand millions of dollars before the war is closed, and the average interest on it is five per cent., the estimated revenue from internal taxes alone would pay the interest on the debt, and leave three hundred millions to be applied to the ordinary expenses of the government and the extinction of the debt.

If we concede that the ordinary expenses of the government after the war will amount to one hundred millions, there will still remain two hundred millions yearly to be applied to the payment of the principal of the debt. This sum would extinguish the whole in five years.

Even if the revenue only amounts to two hundred and fifty millions, this sum would be sufficient to pay the expenses of the government, the interest on the debt, and in ten years the debt itself. If the revenue is only two hundred millions, the same result will be produced in twenty years.—*Boston Transcript.*

A HARD FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND A HORSE.—The Norfolk Examiner relates the following singular occurrence as having taken place in the township of Walsingham, Canada:—"Mr. Abraham Brandow had a very narrow escape one day last week from being killed by a horse. He went into a field to catch his horse, and as soon as he got near the animal it pitched at him in a determined and savage manner, biting Brandow fearfully. Brandow is a strong, able man, and a good horseman, and he fought the horse as long as he could with the bridle, but finding that it did not heed that weapon, he threw his arms around the horse's neck and his feet around its fore legs. While in this position he threw the horse down. This of course broke his hold, and the horse soon got up again and continued the fight with renewed severity. Finally, Brandow threw himself flat upon the ground, giving up all hope, the horse continuing to bite him for some time after he lay perfectly still. Even after the animal had left and gone some distance it returned and bit Brandow several times. Strange to say, the horse did not strike or attempt to stamp the man, but tried and did kneel on him, as if trying to crush him with his knees. Brandow had his clothes almost entirely torn off, and from one of his arms the flesh."

SELLING INDIAN CHILDREN.—The Alta California of the 5th ultimo says:—Mr. August Hess, who has returned to this city from a prospecting tour through the lower part of Lake county, informs us that he saw a number of men driving Indian children before them, to sell in Napa, Solano, Yolo, and other counties of the Sacramento basin. In one instance he saw two men driving nine children; in another, two men with four children; in another, one man with two girls, one of them about fourteen years of age apparently. The age of these children varies from six to fifteen years. Rumor says that about a hundred children have been taken through Lake county this summer for sale.—They do not follow the main roads, but usually take by-paths. Rumor says further that the hunters catch them in Mendocino and Humboldt counties after killing their parents. If the children try to escape, and are likely to succeed, the hunters shoot them. One boy in Berreyesa Valley left a farmer to whom he had been sold, and went to another farmer; the purchaser took the boy, and swore he would hang him if he should run away again.

MAN AND THE GORILLA.—In the Zoological Section of the British Association, at its late meeting, Professors Owen and Huxley had a lively debate on the relations of man to the lower order of animals, Mr. Owen taking the ground that man should be placed in a distinct sub-kingdom by himself, and Mr. Huxley flatly replying that Mr. Owen in no way represented the real nature of the problem under discussion. This personal controversy attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Huxley claimed, that in the course of former controversies with Mr. Owen, he had exposed the mistakes of the latter, and had established the fact that the structural differences between man and the highest ape are of the same order, and only slightly different in degree from those which separate the apes from one other. In conclusion he expressed his opinion of the futility of discussions like this. In his opinion, the differences between man and the lower animals are not to be expressed by his toes or his brain, but are moral and intellectual. No definite result ensued from the controversy.

REBEL OUTRAGES AT CUMBERLAND FORD.—The track of Bragg's retreating army was marked with blood in its passage out of the state. Information has been received in Louisville to the effect that Capt. King, formerly of the Third Kentucky infantry, his two young sons, residents of Lincoln county, and twelve other loyal men, were hanged by the rebels at Cumberland Ford, as punishment for offences of the most trivial nature, trumped up as an excuse for the indulgence of this fiendish malice.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.—The death of Gen. Mitchell will probably cause the return of Major-Gen. Hunter to the Department of the South at an earlier day than was at first expected. Gen. Hunter was never relieved from the command of that department, as has been erroneously supposed, but merely came north on sixty days leave of absence, and on the special invitation of the Secretary of War and of Gen. Halleck, to act as presiding officer of the Military Commission, and to give Government the benefit of his military experience. Another account says Hunter *was* relieved—but is going south on an important expedition.

DEFENCES OF CORINTH.—The defences of Corinth are being strengthened on an extended scale. Over one hundred buildings in the line of the fortifications, now completed, have been appraised and torn down. The seminary building is now used as a hospital, but will probably be destroyed, since it is in the range of our guns. The Tishomingo House, a very large building, situated in the centre of the town, just beside the railroad track is to be converted into a hospital, for which it is well adapted.

TO FATTEN CATTLE.—A farmer of Houbourain, France, has just tried the experiment of fattening cattle by the use of cod liver oil. The trial was first made upon two calves, eight sheep, and two pigs. The result surpassed all expectation. In ninety days they were all in prime condition, the flesh being perfect white and of easy digestion. The quantities given was:—To the pigs sixty-three grammes (two ounces) per day; to the sheep thirty-one grammes, and to the calves fifty grammes. For the calves the oil was mixed with bran and chopped straw; for the sheep with bruised beans, and for the pigs with their regular food.

A COWARDLY LOVER.—A loving couple, when enjoying themselves walking along the margin of the Leven, near Leslie, from the slippery state of the embankment the lady slid into the stream, and called loudly for aid. Very ungallantly, however, the "tender-hearted" swain ran to get a branch of a tree to extend towards her, thinking, no doubt, by that means to assist his fair one. Meanwhile, a man more gallant than he rushed into the water and brought her to the bank of the river. Since then she has refused (and that with good cause) to see her cowardly lover. No. 2 has a fair chance of a prize.—*English paper.*

SOME have thought that the Ino, one of the vessels dispatched after the rebel steamer Alabama, by the Navy Department, was not a suitable vessel for so important an undertaking, but she is really a powerful and fast sailer, and mounts nine guns of heavy metal.

IN a recent presentment of the grand jury of Toronto, C. W., the following expression of sympathy for the cause of our country appears:

"The jury, in common with their fellow-citizens, express a hope that peace may be restored to the United States of America, and that that nation may arise out of the terrible crucible, purified and disenthralled."

SUBSTITUTES FOR DRAFTED MEN.—The drafted men from the eastern counties of Pennsylvania are in this city in large numbers, hunting up substitutes. Two hundred and fifty dollars is the sum usually paid, and there does not seem to be much difficulty in obtaining as many men as wanted at that sum.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE last great horticultural show at Namur was the most remarkable ever seen in Belgium. There were more than 30,000 specimens of fruit exhibited, comprising 8,000 varieties. It required 9,000 plates to hold this immense quantity of fruit. The Belgium gardeners produced the finest pears; the Germans the finest apples, and the French the finest grapes.

THE best chess player in Cuba is a negro, black as ebony. His father came from Africa. He has often beat his master, to whom Morphy only gives a knight. Morphy (now in Cuba) has agreed to play a game with him, giving him the king's knight.

DESTRUCTION OF AN AFRICAN TOWN BY AN EARTHQUAKE.—A letter dated July 18, received in this city from Acera, West coast of Africa, states that an earthquake entirely destroyed that town on the 10th of July. Every house in the town was demolished, and the three English forts near the place were in ruins.

A DEPOSIT of gypsum, one hundred and fifty acres in extent, and equal to the best Nova Scotia article, has been discovered within sixty rods of Tawas bay, Saginaw county, Michigan. It is pure white plaster, and the bed has been bored into fifteen or twenty feet without going through. It can be mined for fifty cents per ton.

IUKA NEUTRAL GROUND.—By an arrangement entered into between Gens. Grant and Price, Iuka is to remain neutral ground for hospital purposes. Neither of the belligerents is to occupy it with troops—which will enable the citizens in and around the town to aid the medical authorities in their attendance on the sick and wounded.

AT Tiffin, Ohio, the other day, Van Amburg's trained elephant, "Hannibal," broke open the wagon of a candy peddler who followed the show, and gobbled down, in less time than it takes to read this paragraph, six thousand gingerbread cakes, seventy pounds of assorted candy, and forty pounds of "French kisses."

HAY AND CORN SHRINKAGE BY DRYING.—The loss upon hay, weighed July 20th, when cured enough to put in the barn, and again, February 20th, has been ascertained to be 27½ per cent. So that hay at $15 a ton in the field, is equal to $20 and upward when weighed from the mow in winter. The weight of corn in a bushel of corn in November ascertained to be 18 pounds, was only 8½ in May. The cost of grinding a bushel of dry corn, counting, handling, hauling, and miller's charge, is about one cent a pound. Is the meal worth the money?—*Scientific American.*

THE commission of Gen. Rosecrans, as Major-General, has been dated back to the 21st of March, 1863, the time when he ceased to command the Department of Western Virginia. This has been done partly as a reward of the gallantry and success of that officer, and partly to enable him to outrank the major-generals who will have to serve under him in his new department.

PASSENGER statistics show that within nine months 17,000 people have arrived by sea at San Francisco in excess of departure. These, in addition to a large number of overland immigrants, make the increase of population more this year than since 1852. The overland immigration to Oregon and Washoe, this year, will amount to about 5,000.

A LETTER from Rome describes a volcanic opening which has appeared between that city and Civitia Vechia, to be ninety feet in length, exhaling a suffocating sulphurous smoke. A bar of lead plunged into this orifice at the depth of thirty feet was melted.

THE Richmond Dispatch is "inclined to think that rather than give up the benefits of the Union, the North would be willing to be whipped, and unite again upon such a constitution as the South would prescribe."

THE London Daily News thinks that the Union cause never looked so like success in its essential features. The South is almost at the last stage of exhaustion, while the North is nearly untouched in all its resources. All the European nations have to do is to wait. The Times, of course, takes a directly opposite view.

"PROPHECY."—This was the subject of an interesting sermon delivered on Sunday week by the Rev. Mr. Baxter, of the Church of the Intercessor. The speaker enumerated some of the reasons from which more than a hundred expositors have concluded that the return of Christ to judge the world will occur about the period 1864 to 1870. The 6,000 years from the creation of man is shown to terminate about 1870, as the Nativity of Christ was about the year 4130 in this world's history. It is a belief of great antiquity that the seventh period of a thousand years will be the millennium, as is distinctly prefigured by God resting at the creation upon the seventh day, and "a day being with him as a thousand years," the antetypical sabbatical rest of Nature from sin and sorrow during the seventh cycle of 1,000 years is thus foreshadowed.

Other chronological dates of 2,520 years, or seven times, Dan. iv., and of 2,300 years, Dan. viii., 14, and of 1,335 years, Dan. xii., 12, are also proved by expositors to end about 1870. It is also generally admitted that we are living under the sixth vial, which is poured out on the river Euphrates, that is, the Turkish Empire, which is thereby to be dried up or subverted just before the coming of Christ, Rev. xvi.; and as six vials have been poured out within 60 or 70 years, therefore the Final End, which is to be introduced by the seventh and last vial, cannot be far distant. The three and a half years' Great Tribulation occurring between the two stages of Christ's Advent, is expected by many writers to commence about 1865-6, and the Emperor of France, as the Eighth Head of the Roman Empire, is prophetically foreshown to be the great scourge of the nations at that period, after having made a seven years' covenant with the Jews seven years before the End. (Dan. ix., 27).

This discourse was listened to with profound attention.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been dull, the week's sales only reaching 8000 barrels, taken for export at $6,25@6,50 for superfine, $6,75@7,25 for extra; $7,25@7,75 for family, mostly at $7,50@7,75 for good Ohio, and $8@8,50 for fancy brands, including about 2500 barrels City Mills, chiefly extra and extra family, on terms kept private, and high grade fancies at $8,75@9 ₱ bbl, as in quality, the latter for home use. Rye Flour continues scarce, with small receipts and sales of City Mills at $5,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is inquired for and scarce, but generally held above the views of buyers. We quote Penna at $3,50 and Brandywine at $4. Buckwheat Meal is worth $3,25@3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes forward slowly, and wheat has been in limited demand. Sales reach 45,000 bushels at $1,40@1,50 for fair to good prime western and Pennsylvania reds in store and afloat, closing at $1,45; southern do at $1,48@1,50, and white at $1,60@1,75 as in quality, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce, with small receipts, and sales of southern at 90c, and Pennsylvania at 95@98c. Corn is steady; sales of 25,000 bushels are reported at 70@72c for inferior, and 73@75c for prime yellow, afloat and in store, including white at 73@75c, the latter for prime. Oats continue dull and neglected, with sales of 20,000 bushels at 39@40c for Delaware, and 40@42c for Pennsylvania. Barley is scarce, but sales of 25,000 bushels are reported, part at $1,45@1,50, and part private, and Barley malt at $1,55@1,60, as to lots.

PROVISIONS—The stocks and receipts of the Hog product are very light, and the market generally at a stand still. Mess Pork is nominally held at $13@13,50, and Mess Beef at $12@15 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. Of Bacon the sales are also limited at 9@12c for plain and fancy Hams; 5½@6¼c for Sides, and 5½@6c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the stock is about exhausted, and we hear of nothing doing to fix quotations. Lard is scarce, but the demand is moderate at 10½@10¾c for bbls and tierces, and 10¾@11c for kegs, cash and time. Butter is selling freely, packed ranging at 15@25c, the latter for choice dairy, and roll at 18@20c. Cheese is in good demand at 10@11c ₱ lb, and Eggs at 19 @20c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market for this staple has been dull and unsettled, the stock here being very much reduced, the sales reaching only about 250 bales, within the range of 58@61c, cash, the latter for middlings.

ASHES—Both kinds are scarce and firm at the advance, and a limited business doing.

BARK comes in slowly, and Quercitron finds ready sale at $37 for 1st No 1. Of Tanners Bark sales of Chestnut Oak are reported at $14@15 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is wanted at 40c, and but little offering or selling at that figure.

COAL—The demand is very active, both for shipment and home use, and prices are rather better, with moderate receipts and light stocks for the season both here and at the East.

COFFEE continues scarce and on the advance, the stock in first hands being nearly exhausted, and the sales mostly in a small way, including 1200 bags at 2⅝@31c for Rio, 29@31c for Laguayra, and 22@23c for Triage, cash and time.

COPPER is firm, but without sales to any extent. Yellow Metal moves of as wanted at 27c for sheets, and 28c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS are scarce, and selling in lots as wanted at 42@45c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is steady at $1½@2½ for Apples, and Cranberries at $7@9 ₱ bbl. The Dried Fruit trade opens slowly and prices are unsettled, Apples selling slowly at 3½@4¾c, and Peaches at 4½@7¼c ₱ lb.

HAY meets with a steady demand at 65@70c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is firmly held, with little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are more active, and selling at 20@25c ₱ lb, as in quality, and 1st sort rather scarce.

IRON—The market continues firm at the advance. Pig metal sold at $28@32 for the three numbers of Anthracite, cash and time. Scotch Pig is firm, and a sale of 250 tons was made on terms kept private. Manufactured Iron meets with an active demand at fully former rates.

LEAD is firm, the want of stock limiting operations here; large sales have been made in New York at ¼@¾c ₱ lb advance.

LUMBER is in steady demand, with further sales of White and Yellow Pine Boards at $15@16 ₱ M. No change in Laths or Pickets.

MOLASSES—The stock is very much reduced, and the demand good at fully former rates; the sales, however, are mostly in a small way.

PLASTER is firmer, and soft is arriving and selling more freely at $3,75@2,87½ ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little offering or selling, and Rangoon is worth 7¼@7¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS are steady. About 3,000 bus Clover-seed have been disposed of at from $5,75 to $6,25, the latter for prime, at which rate it is held, buyers now generally offer less. Of Timothy about 300 bus have been sold at $1,75@2 ₱ bus, chiefly at the latter rate. Flaxseed is scarce, and all offered has been picked up at $2,20@2,30 ₱ bus, at which rate it is wanted.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, and rather more active, and sales are making at very full prices. N. E. Rum is steady at 32@35c. Whiskey is scarce, bbls selling slowly at 39@40c, and hhds at 38c.

SUGARS are in light stock, and very firm, the high views of holders limiting operations to some 3@400 hhds, taken in small lots at 9¾@10¼c for Cuba, and 11@11¼c for New Orleans, cash and time.

TALLOW is quiet, city selling at 11¼c, and country rendered at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little offering or selling, the stocks of both leaf and manufactured on sale being extremely light, and generally held above the views of buyers.

WOOL—There is a good demand for this staple at fully former rates; sales to some extent are reported at 60@65c for fine, 65 to 70c for coarse and medium quality, and 70@76c for tub, but holders generally refuse our lowest figures.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2770 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¼ cents ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from $2,25 to 3,25 ₱ head. 200 Hogs sold at $6,00 to 6,50 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depôts of
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AN ANCIENT VOLUME.—At a sale of books lately, some merriment was created by the following incident:—*Auctioneer (holding up a pretty large volume)*—"How much is bid for this book? This book, gentlemen, contains a minute account of the names, residences, &c., of all the eminent gentlemen who flourished in this great city ten years ago. Six shillings, sir? Eight—ten—twelve.—Going—going—gone!" It is now handed to the fortunate bidder, who of course thinks himself more fortunate still when he finds he has in his possession an old directory!

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, at Friends' Meeting House, on Sixth st., RICHARD W. BACON, to ELIZABETH C. THOMAS, daughter of the late Wm. Thomas.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. ROBERT ORR, to Miss MARY GRIFFITH, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. SAMUEL B. WALKER, to Miss MARY E. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Atwood, Mr. MATTHEW HUTCHINSON, of Hoboken, N. J. to Miss MARY F. DWYER, of New York.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM BUMM, to Miss CATHARINE M. only daughter of Mr. Wm. Baker, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Leeds, D. D., at the residence of the bride's father, WILLIAM A. JAMES, to MARIAN Y. daughter of A. J. Bucknor, Esq. both of this city.

On the 6th of Oct., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. EDMUND R. IVANS, to Miss ANNA M. BRAMAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Pemberton, N. J., Oct. 25th, after a long and severe illness, Hon. THOMAS L. NORCROSS, formerly of the New Jersey Senate, aged about 50 years.

Suddenly, on the 6th instant, WARNER JUSTICE, aged 54.

Suddenly, on the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH KEHRUM, widow of the late Wm. Kehrum, in her 73d year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. LAURA MYERS, a native of Baltimore, aged 46 years.

On the 4th instant, Miss EMMA CECILIA, eldest daughter of John and Martha Watson, aged 29 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. WILLIAM COULTER, aged 52 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM HOPKINS, in his 37th year.

On the 3d instant, JENNIE A. NELSON, aged 22 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARTHA PATTON, in her 26th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. BARBARA ROGERS, in her 70th year.

On the 1st instant, JOSEPH LAWSON, in his 70th year.

On the 1st instant, JOHN BURKE, in his 64th year.

On the 2d instant, at Gwynedd, Montgomery county, AMANDA CASTNER, daughter of Chas. K. Castner, deceased, in her 25th year.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES HINKLE, in his 48th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 8, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 dis
Canada	20 prem	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¼ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	2 dis.	North Carolina	90 dis.
Indiana	¾ to 1 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	80 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	80 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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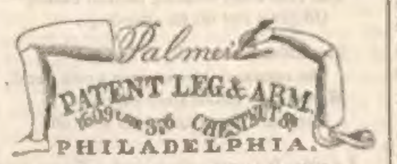

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FOR 1863!

VOLUMES XXI. AND XXII.

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Wit and Humor.

THE COURTING OF A SHARP MAN OF BUSINESS.

Potts is a sharp man, a man of business tact, and when he goes into a store to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says:—"Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Potts, like all men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately Potts said to himself:—"I am getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Potts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Potts, "you are interested, and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed, hesitated, and finally, as Potts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Potts responded:

"Well, well, I'll look about, *and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back.*"

A HARD HIT.—Jim —— never made a joke in his life, yet no man ever had more made at his expense. On one occasion, while a candidate for Congress, he was making a speech in a country school house to an audience of country farmers, who were, as a general rule, very attentive listeners. Joe G ——, however, formed an exception. He had been partaking rather liberally of whiskey straight, under the influence of which his comments, made in a tone rather louder than a stage whisper, were exceedingly annoying to the speaker. Jim prepared for his grand effort. "My friends," said he, "I am proud to see around me to-night the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, my fellow citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of a son of the soil. If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say, *I was raised between two rows of corn.*" "A pumpkin! by thunder," exclaimed the inebriated Joe.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—A pastor was making a call upon a parishioner, an old lady, who had made an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she heard evil spoken of. Before the lady made her appearance in the parlor, several of her children were speaking of her peculiarity, and one of them playfully added—

"Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him."

Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, immediately and involuntarily replied—

"Well, my dear children, I wish we all had Satan's *industry* and *perseverance*."

HOW TO AVOID BEING DRAFTED.—One day in the last week, an adroit speculator, calculating on the fears as well as the curiosity of those liable to military service, advertised in one of our city papers that, in consideration of the sum of one dollar, sent to him by post at a certain given address, he would directly communicate an *infallible* method by which each person receiving this valuable information could avoid the draft. As many as 400 letters, each inclosing one dollar, reached the ingenious advertiser within twelve hours. In every instance he conscientiously performed his promise, and without delay or evasion communicated *how* to evade the draft. The secret, which is well worth knowing, was communicated in the single word—ENLIST.—*Press.*

COUNTERMANDED.—In Pennsylvania when the great excitement prevailed in the apprehended invasion by the rebels, everybody shouldered arms and was ready to rush into the battle-field. When the enthusiasm was at its height, General McClellan had driven the enemy off, and Governor Curtin recalled the troops. A young man who was deeply imbued with the spirit of patriotism and religion was describing his own feelings during this period. He was slow in coming to his decision, he said, "I sought the direction of Heaven, and I heard a voice saying unto me 'Go,' and I was on the point of going, when Governor Curtin *countermanded the order!*"

"ANGELS."—Last summer, in the height of mosquito time, the little rascals practised their songs nightly, to the annoyance of every one. While a little girl, Ettie, then about five years old, was being put to bed, her mother said to her—

"Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night when you are asleep, the angels will come and watch around your bed."

"Oh! yes, ma," said Ettie, "I know that. I heard them singing all round my head last night, and some of them bit me, too!"

"STRAIGHT TO JAIL."—A Hardshell, a relative to the original, we presume, was not long ago preaching not far from Rockford, Ill., and while discoursing about the Christian race, he alluded to the Olympic games, and astonished his auditors by saying, "The true Christian, my hearers, will go straight to the jail; he will never turn aside. I trust that every one of you is going straight to the JAIL." In his endeavor to be elegant as well as eloquent, he confounded goal, the end of a race, and jail, a prison for criminals.

GROWING OLD.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is a period at which men come to be strangely impressed with the thought, "I am growing old." I suppose there is a year or two in which all have the feeling, (it may not be a painful one, but it is a sad one; it is a tender, minor feeling,) "I have passed my youth; I am never to be a boy again; I am never to be young any more; not only am I a man, but as a man I have signs and tokens of the failure of some parts of my organization."

It is said of athletes, boxers and wrestlers that they have a *second breath*. After they have gone through what may be said to be their first strength, there is a rallying of the system, and then they are said to have come to their second breath. When they are on their second breath they hold out a great while. So it is with our thoughts in respect to growing old. We have a sad feeling to get over, which arises from the consciousness that we are becoming aged; but after men have got over that feeling, they never feel old, though they are eighty years of age.—They come to their second breath in that regard! Now, do you begin to have a consciousness that you are failing? do you find that your feet grow heavier than they used to be? Are there not persons here that have some difficulty about the ear? Have you never thought that persons talked less clearly than they used to? Have you not thought that people did not pronounce their words as plainly as you were taught to pronounce yours in the school that you attended? Does it not seem to you that the spectacle makers are growing slack? Are there no times when you feel that the shadow is turned? All day long the sun goes up, and up, and up, till at last it stands at flush noonday; and then, when it slants even one degree, you see that the shadow creeps down the other side, and grows longer and longer as it goes down.—There are many of you that have seen the shadow run on the wrong side, and it is growing longer and longer. Your sun is going down toward the western horizon.

If a man has been accustomed to think of his life mainly as centred or fixed here, it is not possible that he should not feel sadness at the indications of decaying powers, of limited accomplishments, of being compelled to lay down his part of the duties of active life. But if he feels that these things are working out for him "a far more exceeding eternal weight of glory" in the life that is to come, he can look upon them with composure, if not with cheerfulness.

We do not know what mountains, rich with gold, are worth, until we begin to dig; and the more we dig, the more we become impressed with its great value. So long as the gold is covered up, and locked in the hard quartz, it is worthless. It is by blasting, by rending, by destroying, that the precious ore is brought out and made serviceable. Now, we carry in us that which is more precious than the ore, to obtain which we blast and rend and destroy the rock. It is just this that the apostle thinks of when he says: "We have this treasure in earthern vessels." We are like a casket made of earth, inside of which is preciousness, it may be of ointment, or jewels, or something else. The real value consists in that which the casket contains. This body may be shattered, the casket may be destroyed, and yet all that is valuable may remain.

Who cares, then, whether the hair be white or black? Who cares whether the eye be far-sighted or near-sighted? Who cares whether the hearing be poor or good? Who cares what becomes of the senses? This is not my whole life. This body is not my only heritage. I go to that bright land where the immortal part shines up and on for ever and ever. And this consideration takes away the sadness occasioned by the consciousness of the failure of the earthly faculties.

TRIFLES.

The massive gates of Circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after-tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the mainsprings after all.

AN OLD ILLUSTRATION, BUT A GOOD ONE.—Two painters were on a high scaffold, in a magnificent cathedral, frescoing the wall.—The master artist had executed a sketch so beautifully that he was completely charmed with it, and while gazing upon it he insensibly walked backward to the very edge of the scaffold. His comrade saw his danger, but feared to seize hold of him, or even to speak, lest he should start him back to certain destruction. He had the presence of mind to dash the wet brush in his hand against the entrance picture. The artist sprang forward, and was in great rage until he was informed of his narrow escape. Just so we get absorbed with some object of our affections, and step backward from our upward pathway, unconscious of our peril; then a kind Providence dashes out the beautiful image, to awaken us from our dream-like state, and bring us to a sense of our danger. Thus it is that our nearest friends, or our most cherished earthly possessions, those we are loving too well, are often taken away in mercy.

TOPSY-TURVY.—When things are in confusion, they are said to be *topsy-turvy*. This expression is derived from the way in which turf for fuel is placed to dry on its being cut; the surface of the ground is pared off with the heath growing on it, and the heath is turned downward, and left some days in that state, that the earth may get dry before being carried away. It means, then, top side turfway.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

☞ REMEMBER THIS, GIRLS.—The secret that you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret.

THE DRILL.

SERGEANT.—"Every man will be careful in marching to hold his head erect, his piece perpendicular, and keep his eyes fixed upon the centre of the coat collar of the man immediately in front of him."

THE SOLDIER'S RESPECT FOR WOMEN.—One of the female nurses from Maine, who has been in active service now for more than a year, both in the field and in the hospital, states that during that whole period she has never had an improper or offensive word addressed to her, and never has received aught but the most respectful attention from all in the army, privates as well as officers.

After one of Gen. McClellan's battles, as she was at work in the field among the wounded, she approached a squad of Irish soldiers, who lay wounded, and waiting for the surgeons; as she came near she heard one of them, with the strong brogue of his people, turn to the others near him and say, "Ah, boys, here comes one of the holy Marys to help us."—*Portland Press.*

Agricultural.

PRINCE ALBERT'S FARM.

Prince Albert's farm is situated near Windsor Castle, about twenty miles S. W. of the city, occupies one thousand acres, one hundred of which are never ploughed, and is wooded and sown with orchard grass, top-dressed every four years with liquid manure. The arable land is subsoiled every two or three years with four enormously large Scotch horses, driven tandem; rotation of crops much the same as ours, without the Indian corn.

Barley and oats are crushed in a mill driven by steam; eighty short-horn and Alderney cows are kept; cow stalls made of iron; iron troughs always full of water in each stall, with waste-pipe to gutter behind them, and thence to manure-shed, from which it is pumped into carts similar to ours for watering streets, and sprinkled over the grass. Keeps none but Suffolk and Berkshire pigs: prefers former on account of their taking on fat; as one of the swineherds said, "A dale of fat a dale quicker."

The pig pens are of stone, and paved with stone, being lower in the centre, from which a pipe conducts the liquid manure to keep. In the garden I saw peach, apricot and plum trees trained espalier; pineapples, strawberries and grapes, in all stages of growth; the latter finer than in countries to which they are indigenous, and ripe all the year round. Melons will not grow in the open air, but they have very fine ones in frames. Her Majesty must certainly fare sumptuously every day. There are forty men to attend to the garden alone.

Mr. Tait, the gentlemanly manager of the farm, gave me every information desired. I also went to see the Queen's stables at Buckingham Palace; they would make more comfortable dwellings than two-thirds of the people of London live in. English farriers have found out that the upper part of the stall ought to be the lowest by two inches at least, There are in those stables one hundred and six horses. Her Majesty is partial to greys, and may freqfiently be seen driving two in hand in Windsor Park. The Princess Alice drives four ponies, and is said to be an excellent horsewoman. I saw the eight cream-colored horses that draw her Majesty at the time of opening or dissolving Parliament. Their harness is red morocco, gold mounted, cost $10,000; and the state carriage cost $35,000 ninety years ago.—*Correspondence of Philadelphia Ledger.*

PULLING AT THE HALTER.—To cure this bad habit, some recommend hitching a rope to the horse's tail or hind leg, then to tie him to a post, in such a way that, when he pulls, he will be thrown down, or at least be made very uncomfortable. A subscriber prefers this: "First, get an extra strong halter, and hitch him to an outer limb of an apple tree. Now, gently teaze him, and provoke him to pull. The branch will yield, but still hold him fast. Tease him again and again, until he finds that he cannot break his halter or effect anything but his own discomfort. Repeat weekly until the lesson is thoroughly learned, and he will at length cease to pull when tied to a post."—*Am. Agriculturist.*

GOOD CORN FOR NEXT YEAR.

Something may be done this month toward securing a good corn crop next year. First as to the seed. It is established beyond doubt that the largest and best formed ears will be most likely to yield good successors. Before commencing to husk the crop, go through the field with a bag or basket, and pick the best, giving preference to the stalks yielding two or more good ears. If this be done before the whole crop be ripened, all the better, as the earliest can then be selected. By attending to this latter point a few years, the period of ripening for the whole crop may be advanced several days, which in short seasons might make a difference of many dollars in the net results.

Gather selected ears enough for your own use, and several bushels to sell to your less careful neighbors, who will next spring be willing to pay an extra price for good seed corn.

Trace up the ears into bunches of convenient size, and hang them in a warm loft, secure from rats and mice, and where they may dry thoroughly before freezing weather. The vegetating power of corn is often destroyed by being frozen before the moisture is out of it. The water expands in freezing, and thus disorganizes the texture of the germ.

Then as to the ground that is to be cultivated in corn next year: If it be heavy clay, or contain a large portion of that element, it will greatly aid next year's crop to plough it up this fall, and leave it unharrowed. The lumps will be pulverized, insects will be destroyed, and if this be done early, the first crop of weeds and grass will spring up only to be cut down by the frost's keen scythe. We would advise spreading manure upon such lands before ploughing. Being covered it will not be wasted by washing away; the small part of its substance which may be dissolved, will be absorbed and held by the surrounding soil; mix it with the soil, and the speedy frosts will prevent loss by fermentation. Another important advantage gained will be the more thorough commingling of the manure with the soil, made by the cross-ploughing next spring. The more intimately this is done, the more certain will be the good effects of manure upon the growing crop.

In ploughing underdrained fields, arrange the lands with a view to carrying off surplus water. By a well planned series of dead furrows, the ground may be made ready for the spring ploughing several days earlier. Thorough underdraining is the best remedy for dropsical fields, but furrows are better than nothing.—*American Agriculturist.*

CISTERNS AND WELLS.—It is probably not known by most persons, that the bottom of a cistern or deep well even may be thoroughly inspected for filth or lost articles by using a common mirror (looking-glass.) When the sun shines, hold the mirror so that the light will be reflected in a bright spot at the bottom of the water, and a pin can be seen at a depth of 10 to 20 feet or more. We have in this manner seen fishes at the bottom of 30 to 40 feet of clear water. If the sun be hid by intervening objects, use two or more mirrors to bend the light by double or triple reflections to the desired point. We have thus thrown the light coming into the dining-room window, by one mirror through the door into the kitchen, by another to a corner of the latter room, and by a third mirror cast it down into a cistern sufficiently strong to see a small angle worm at the bottom.—*American Agriculturist.*

PRUNING THE GRAPE.—P. B. Mead, Esq., the editor of the Horticulturist, at a recent meeting of the Brooklyn Horticulturist Society, stated:—"Whether I pruned in the autumn or spring, I would have at least three buds to a spur; the lower bud for the purpose of making a new cane, the middle bud to be rubbed out, and the third bud for producing the fruit. The practice is to cut down to a single bud. The reason for leaving three buds is the simple fact that the third, fourth, fifth or sixth bud will produce larger and better fruit than the first or second."

A NEW WAY TO KEEP APPLES.

Mr. M. R. Thompson, of Mifflin county, Pennsylvania, in a letter to the American Agriculturist describes his method of keeping choice apples over winter and until apples come again. The method is so simple and the process so easy that we hope many of our readers will be induced to make a trial of it at least. So that in future years of abundance like the present, the crop may be made a source of greater profit. Mr. Thompson packs his apples in barrels or large boxes, surrounding each apple with a common dry ground gympson, (plaster of Paris.) This is readily done thus: Put into the bottom of the barrel or box, an inch of the plaster, and then a layer of apples, keeping them from contact with each other, and an inch from the side all round. Sift in more plaster to fill up the space and cover the whole nearly an inch. Then add another layer of apples and more plaster, and so on to the top. The plaster employed is, we suppose, the common ground plaster for fertilizing—not the calcined used for making casts, models, &c. The former is cheap in most parts of the country, costing from three to ten dollars a ton, according to the locality, distance from the quarries or seaboard. Of course the plaster is just as good for application to the field after being used during the winter for packing apples. The plan is worthy of trial, at least, for it would appear reasonable that the fruit thus surrounded with a compact mass of dry powder, should keep almost as dry as if hermetically sealed. Mr. T. says he keeps pound pippins thus packed, in good order until the following June. We judge from a remark in his letter that he does not store them in a cellar, but in any cool room of the dwelling or out house.

ARE COAL ASHES WORTHLESS?—"John." No, sir; neither are they of great value. Still they are worth saving. Their fertilizing power will vary, of course, according to the kind of coal used and the amount of woody substances employed in lighting the fires. A chemist, who analyzed several specimens of ashes taken from an ordinary grate, states that "they consist almost entirely of the various earths, a small portion of charcoal, and the saline matters, of which the sulphate of lime (gypsum), and lime constitute about one quarter." Turning from science to experience we find that such ashes make an excellent dressing for grass land, and in some conditions of the soil give a fine growth of turnips. We have found them useful as a mulch about the roots of fruit trees. Of their utility for walks and roads—the ashes to be covered lightly with gravel—we have often spoken.—*American Agriculturist.*

SKUNKS VERSUS RATS.—J. J. H. Gregory writes to the New-England Farmer that he has voted the freedom of his farm to skunks, in return for the service they have rendered in freeing his premises from rats. The latter vermin had taken up their quarters under the barn, but when a skunk presented himself they gave a wide berth to their unsavory neighbor, and totally disappeared. Mr. G. thinks skunks attack poultry only when they can get nothing else, and that their principal food is beetles and other large insects.

Useful Receipts.

APPLE JELLY.—Slice whole apples, (cores, parings and all) cook them with just water enough to cover them till reduced to a soft pulp. Take the rind and juice of four lemons; strain this pulp, (not squeezing much or going over it twice,) add the lemons, measure pint for pound white sugar; let it boil a half hour, and turn into forms. Quince, &c., the same way.

RICE JELLY.—Boil ½ pound whole rice with ½ pound loaf sugar, in 1 quart water, till it becomes a glutinous mass. Strain off the jelly and let it cool, in moulds.

QUINCE JELLY.—Wash and wipe the quinces; cut them in small pieces, and take out the seeds carefully; have your kettle cleaned and half full of water; throw the quinces and seeds in till you get it full; cover them over, and let them boil till very soft; mash them well and strain them; to every pint of juice put a pound of sugar; clean the kettle again, pour in the juice and sugar, and let it boil till it forms a jelly; it should be put into tea-cups, if you want it to turn out whole, with brandy papers on the top, and pasted over. It is a nice jelly to use with whips or trifle.

EXCELLENT METHOD OF PRESERVING QUINCES.—Pare, core with an apple corer your quinces, which should be fair, perfect ones; slice them, weigh them, and to every pound of fruit allow 1 pound white sugar. Place the sugar in a preserving kettle; add 1 pint water to every pound of sugar; let it come to a boil; then throw in your quinces, and let them boil rapidly 25 minutes; take them out and boil the jelly 5 minutes longer. Pour it boiling hot on the quinces, and seal. They will be light colored, tender and clear.

TO RAISE THE NAP ON CLOTH.—When woollens are worn threadbare, as it is often the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, &c., of men's coats, the coat must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out of the water and put on a board, and the threadbare parts of the cloth rubbed with a half-worn hatter's "card" filled with flocks, or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done hang the coat up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. This is the method which is pursued by the dealers in old clothes.

TO PREVENT SHOES FROM CREAKING.—I was recently applied to by a lady for a remedy, and recommended the application of a little olive oil, rubbed into the sole, especially about the waist and ball. It was done, and found perfectly successful. N. B.—In boots intended for out-of door wear, it would be as well to avoid letting the oil get into the seams, as it might, by dissolving the wax on the thread, be the cause of leakage.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 58 letters.

My 33, 36, 34, 51, 5, 23, 30, 5, is not always desirable.
My 51, 48, 9, 41, 3, 33, 20, is a river in North America.
My 41, 23, 30, 37, 27, is one of our Generals.
My 56, 39, 50, 25, is a farming implement.
My 10, 33, 12, 40, 11, 5, is an agreement between two parties.
My 56, 54, 20, 33, is a kind of fruit.
My 47, 29, 20, 22, 58, 53, is much to be desired.
My 14, 21, 33, 14, 32, 29, is a color.
My 38, 49, 2, 8, is a musical instrument.
My 39, 5, 6, 7, is a brave General killed.
My 16, 19, 1, 22, 18, 28, is the scene of a heavy battle.
My 35, 44, 33, 25, 24, 33, 3, 4, is a brave Colonel taken prisoner by the rebels but now released.
My 49, 48, 20, 21, 46, 54, is a division of time.
My 48, 33, 18, 37, is a metal in much use.
My 17, 43, 45, 21, is a personal pronoun.
My 15, 6, is a preposition.
My 41, 33, 32, 9, 58, 55, 36, 52, 31, 5, is a plain in Mexico.
My 18, 32, 13, 56, 33, 33, 3, 31, 35, 54, is essential to happiness.
My 42, 58, 23, 57, 31, 1, 51, 41, 50, is a town in the West Indies.
My 11, 33, 5, 52, 33, 5, 30, 41, 40, 1, 4, is a motto we all should obey.

My whole is an important dispatch from one of our Generals. DAVID ROBINSON.

Alton, Illinois.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A sort of a vehicle.
An adjective.
A kind of vessel.
An article of ladies dress.
To be impressed with fear.
What young children frequently do.
The initials and finals show the name of a liquor. C. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is perhaps your name.
My second I certainly am.
My third your father is.
My whole is given by your pastor. L.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain gentleman has a rectangular field which is 44 perches wide and 58 perches long. He wishes to inscribe another rectangular field within this one, which shall contain 6 acres and 72 perches. Required—the dimensions of the inscribed rectangle?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are four numbers such, that if to the square of the first (or least) number, the continued product of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th numbers be added, the sum will be 585. If to the square of the 2nd, the product of the 3rd, 4th and 1st, be added, the sum will be 449. If to the square of the 3rd, the product of the 4th, 1st and 2nd be added, the sum will be 414. If to the square of the 4th, the product of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd be added, the sum will be 330. What are the four numbers? JACOB HAFF.

Plumb Brook, Macomb Co., Michigan.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What fruit trees resemble Knights of Olden Time? Ans.—Those that cast down *gages.*

☞ Why would a burglar be a good man to build Iron-clads? Ans.—Because he understands the *steal plate* business.

☞ Why is the sweat of labor like a part of Great Britain? Ans.—Because it's the *Ile of Man.*

☞ A Question for the Horse Marines—Can a *war* admiral be safely trusted in a man-o'-war's "gig?"

☞ Why should Africa rightfully be considered to rank first of the continents? Ans.—Because it bears the palm.

☞ Why should a good wife be placed in a cabinet of curiosities? Ans.—Because she's an article of virtu (e).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. CHARADE—War, (W, A, R.) ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—2, 4, and 6.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's SURVEYOR'S QUESTION, published about the first of September. Length of the lines: From the second corner to the hickory 374.180097 perches; from the hickory to the fourth side 336.910298 perches; from the hickory to the third side 353.039878 perches. Area of John's portion: 697 acres 42¼ perches; area of Francis' portion: 685 acres 129¼ perches; Area of Amos' portion: 680 acres 129¼ perches. Whole original tract contained 2063 acres 141¼ perches.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM (October.) The numbers are 3, 4, 5, 8. E. HAGERTY.

Baltimore, Md.

Answer to the PROBLEM by D. Diefenbach, published October 18th: The age of the father, 64; the age of the mother, 37; the age of the son, 7. A. S., Bordentown, N. J. Francis W. Hibbard, Barnesville, Belmont Co., Ohio. E. Hagerty, Baltimore.

Answer to PROBLEM by Artemas Martin, published October 18th, 1862. The third side required is 30 perches. F. W. Hibbard. E. Hagerty gives as answer 50.2 perches.

Also, to RIDDLE, by Vickie Spencer, published October 18th, 1862. A fool can ask questions that will puzzle a wise man to answer.

FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

☞ As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely.